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REVIEWS

The Sacred and Historical Books of Ceylon, translated from the Singhalese. Edited by Edward Upham, M.R.A.S., F.S.A., &c. London: Parbury, Allen & Co.

Is introducing to our readers the first translations that have appeared in Europe of the sacred books that contain the creed of one hundred and eighty millions of our fellow-creatures, we should not feel justified in dismissing them with a hasty and general notice, especially, as the results of the Burmese War, and our complete occupation of Ceylon, have added some of those millions to the number of our fellow subjects. The original treatises were collected by Sir Alexander Johnston, the intelligent and upright Chief Justice of Ceylon, to whose exertions that most beautiful of our Asiatic dependencies is in no small degree indebted for a code of laws, which respects the peculiar feelings and religious prejudices of the people, without sacrificing any principle of justice or equity. The translations were made by Sir Alexander's official interpreters, and were revised by the Rev. Mr. Fox, who resided for many years as a missionary in Ceylon, and whom a competent judge has declared to be "the best European Pali and Singhalese scholar at present in Europe." Finally, the work has been edited by Mr. Edward Upham, whose History of Buddhism is, with all its deficiencies, among the most useful contributions to oriental literature published in the present century. He brought to the task considerable zeal and industry, qualities indispensable requisite to overcome the many impediments and discouragements that he had to encounter. His are the kind of services of which the world reaps the advantage, without knowing at what an expense of time and labour they have been achieved. We trust that they will be remunerated, and that the success of this work will prove how groundless is the charge so frequently brought against our nation by continental writers, that the English care for nothing but the luxuries of the East, and leave its literature to the care of the French and Germans.

The religious creed of so large a portion of the human race as the professors of Buddhism, is something more than an object of enlightened curiosity, because the very aberrations of the intellect are replete with instruction. The Buddhist doctrine is also intimately blended with the history of philosophy: the speculations of the sages on the banks of the Ganges were repeated in the groves of the Academy; the rival sects whose disputes convulsed Hindústán, shook with their controversy southern Italy; the followers of Buddha and the disciples of Pythagoras were subject to the same persecution. Like most sectarian histories, the best accounts of the origin of Buddhism present to us a mixed political and religious struggle; a struggle which cannot be better described than in the words of Schlegel:—

"We cannot acquit the Brahmins of having cruelly persecuted the Buddhists. Fanaticism was the pretext, but, as is seen in most religious wars, interests purely terrestrial appear to have been the true motive of the instigators. In abolishing the distinction of castes, the Buddhists introduced a complete revolution in social order. On general principles, we are disposed to applaud a reform which tended to destroy revolting privileges. But to derive advantages from it, there must accompany it, new political institutions; without which, the overthrow of the only barriers against the abuse of royal power, the destruction of the double aristocracy, sacerdotal and military, only tended to strengthen despotism. The religion of Buddha goes farther than that of the Brahmins, in inculcating mildness of manners and the principles of humanity: nevertheless, we find in the Buddhist countries, and especially in the Peninsula beyond the Ganges, all the horrors of tyranny."

The nature of this contest appears to us decisive of the question respecting the relative antiquity of Brahminism and Buddhism; the latter is more liberal in its politics, and less implicit in its faith than the former, and therefore belongs to the more advanced stage of civilization: indeed, the marks of derivation are so evident in every part of the Buddhist creed, that we should as soon think of declaring the Jews apostates from Islamism, and accusing the Rabbins of substituting the law of Moses for that of Mohammed, as asserting Buddhist originality, and describe the Brahmins as innovators and intruders. But Colebrooke's 'Observations on the Jains' have so decisively established the derivative character of Buddhism, that we shall say nothing further on the subject.

The Buddhist belief respecting their deities is, that they are spiritual beings, "mere apparitions;" of these, Mahá Brahma is supreme, but his power will yield to that of Buddha, when he descends from the highest heavens, and, becoming incarnate, is born a man. The inferences to be derived from the existence of this important doctrine, are sufficiently obvious: they prove how generally diffused was the tradition of the promise made to our first parents after the fall. The Gods are declared to be subject to death,—that is, to a change of state, not a cessation of existence; and one of the attributes peculiar to Buddha is, that besides the foreknowledge of the birth, the creation, and the destruction of the world, he knows the hearts of the other deities, and can discover the shapes they inhabited in past transmigrations.

The doctrine of the Metempsychosis originated in the subtle and elaborate metaphysics of Indian theology and philosophy. Pythagoras derived it from the Buddhists when he visited Asia; but the persecution which overwhelmed his followers, led to the complete misrepresentation of this extraordinary creed. Traces, however, of the real nature of the Metempsychosis may be found in the writings of Plato; and we discover something very like it in Milton's minor prose works, and in Sir Humphry Davy's

'Last Days of a Philosopher.'† It is simply, that perfection is the result of successive changes in organization: our animating principle once existed in the form of simple or vegetable life; in a second stage it became conscious of sensations; through varied forms it went on improving, till it became possessed of thought and intelligence, that is, till it became *A Soul*. But even still imperfections adhere to it, which shall be gradually purified as it ascends through successive stages of existence, until finally it shall reach the state of Nirván, or perfect bliss.

The doctrine of the Nirván or Nighan, is "the most refined and extraordinary part" of the Buddhist faith. They declare it to be utter annihilation, meaning thereby the absorption of the human soul into the essence of the Godhead. This part of the creed is nowhere fully developed, and the utmost we can find in the tracts before us, are loose and general descriptions. "Nirván is the highest and best place, which destroys all sorrow and acquires all happiness."

We have said enough to convey to the general reader some notion of the nature of the Buddhist religion; a more particular account would be inconsistent with our limits; to those who desire more extensive and accurate information on the subject, we recommend these volumes.

But before we take leave of the subject, we think it well to notice the interesting exhibition of a real Buddhist Temple at Exeter Hall; it is under the care of a very intelligent native of Ceylon, who is able and willing to explain the tenets of Buddhism as at present received in that island.

The Tyrol, with a Glance at Bavaria. By the Author of 'Spain in 1830.' London: Whittaker & Co.

It is seldom our good fortune to meet with a work more to our mind than this. The author, a shrewd observer, and clever and clear describer, is not to be confounded with those "pruned, and starched, and landered" travellers who ride through a country with their backs against a cushioned carriage, and look out once an hour at the windows to note down memoranda of men, manners, manufactures, and mountains. Mr. Inglis, on the contrary, marks out his line of march, and examines it as he goes along with the accuracy of a district surveyor. He looks at the vales, and has an eye to the flocks and crops which cover them—he looks at the hills, and makes himself acquainted with their woods and their wild inhabitants—he looks at the rivers, and follows them from the stream to the fountain—he lingers in the cities to delineate their buildings, pictures, people, and manners, and becomes the not unwelcome guest of many a shepherd's hut and peasant's cottage, that he may speak of the social con-

† There is a curious similarity between this theory and that proposed by Goethe in his excellent little botanical tract, 'On the Growth and Transformation of Plants.'

dition, and manners, and feelings, pursuits and opinions of their inmates. To this task he carries a clear head, a kindly heart, and a mood cheerful and accommodating; and the result is, a work filled with pictures of the social condition of the mountaineers of the Tyrol, and with agreeable discussions regarding the government and people. He is sometimes not very profound, and we fear occasionally a little unphilosophical; he indulges too in speculations, such as that on the sources of the great rivers, which could have been entered into with more propriety in England than beside the fountain of the Drave; and now and then we feel inclined to question the accuracy of his conclusions regarding political opinions and social manners. But small blemishes like these are common to the journals of all travellers; and, were they not, they would be disregarded amid the many instructive narrations and entertaining adventures of this agreeable writer.

The author penetrates into the Tyrol by the way of Bavaria: of the latter country he draws some striking and accurate pictures; but, having reached the Tyrol, he sketches with a skilful hand many scenes, animate as well as inanimate: the following is more than picturesque; it happened on the Sunday succeeding the "Fête Dieu" of the Catholic Church:—

"The procession was as full of pomp, as Innspruck was capable of producing; and the appearance and dresses of the peasantry, hundreds of whom had been attracted from the neighbouring villages, gave life and picturesqueness to that which would otherwise have been the dull observance of a superstitious ceremonial. All, and more than all Innspruck, accompanied the procession from the church of the Holy Cross, to that of Marie Hilf, which lies across the river, and on the bank of the Inn. There, after the ceremonial had concluded amidst the roar of cannon and the flourish of trumpets, the procession broke up; and the crowd returned in a less dense body, along the bridge, where I placed myself, that I might see some samples of that noble peasantry which I had always associated with the Tyrol.

"The scene was in the utmost degree picturesque; there were the old women with their white, and (some) red, tapering caps, and enormous rotundity of figures,—the young women, with beaver round hats, petticoats of more than all the colours of the rainbow,—lace aprons,—and frills at the elbows, and stockings of blue and scarlet worsted, worked in figures. There were peasants, tall and well limbed,—with their high-crowned narrow hats, with green silk bands, or entirely covered with silk, and all with two ends depending from the crown; their tight black breeches and white stockings; leathern girdles, and knives stuck in them,—and many, with artificial flowers decorating their breasts, and also the hinder part of their hats. Mingled with these, were Austrian soldiers and officers in full dress,—officials and state officers in court uniform,—Priests in cassocks, and Capuchin friars; and the gentry of the town and neighbourhood,—altogether, forming a moving panorama, as curious, as it was picturesque."

As he proceeds, his journal increases in interest with all those who are not insensible to the condition of the people.

"The peasant of the upper Tyrol seldom possesses more than supplies the wants of his family: a cow,—a pig or two,—are the whole of his live stock; and all the land which he possesses beyond what suffices for the support of these produces Indian corn, and a few vegeta-

bles, and sometimes a little flax; these crops being no more than sufficient for the support of his family. The Tyrolean peasant, therefore, though in one sense independent,—treading, and labouring his own soil, and eating the produce of his own industry, is yet poor; and lives worse than a day labourer in many other countries. His family is nourished almost solely upon Indian corn, and milk; and it must be admitted, that with small properties like those in the valley of the Inn, no other produce could be half so serviceable. This plant is indeed the staff of life here, and is prized by the inhabitants as it deserves. Three times a day, soup, made of Indian corn and milk, is served at the table of a Tyrolean peasant; and this, with bread, sometimes entirely of Indian corn, but most commonly with one third, or one fourth part of wheat, forms his whole diet. I have frequently in the course of a walk, while residing at Innspruck, entered the houses of the peasantry, and tasted both the soup and the bread. To those who are fond of a milk diet, the soup would not be found disagreeable; and the bread appeared to me good, precisely in proportion to the quantity of wheat that was mixed with the Indian corn. It is never used half and half in the Tyrol. This would be too expensive; for very little wheat is grown in the valley of the Inn—none in the upper part of it,—and that which is brought to the Innspruck market must be received either from Trent, and the Italian frontier, or from Bavaria."

In the castle of Ambras our traveller finds many curious reliques of the days of chivalry: we must make room for a sample:—

"There are also some other relics of the days of chivalry preserved here, attractive not only to antiquaries, but to all who are interested by the narratives of feudal times, minstrelsy, and song: and this comprehends all the lovers of early poetry and romance. Of this description of relics is one of the harps of the minstrels, with one string yet unbroken; and one of the welcome-bowls, used by the Knights: these were wont to be of gold, for the use of ladies,—of silver, for Princes, and of glass, for Knights. All who drank of the welcome-bowl, inscribed their names in a book kept for the purpose—adding generally, a couplet: and so great was the capacity of these bowls, that it not unfrequently happened, that this was the last act ever performed by the drainer of the bowl."

Some of the bold peasantry spoke without fear concerning their political condition:—

"I wish I were able to present the reader with the portrait of an old peasant as I addressed this question to him. We were walking up a steep mountain path: he stopped,—faced round,—leant upon his rod,—and in almost a whisper said, 'Sir, you are an Englishman; I say to you, what I would not say to every one: I carried a rifle, and used it too; but in a bad cause. Hofer was a hero,—Speckbacher, whom I followed, was a hero; Haspinger was a hero; but they were all three fools. Our balls were all spent in defence of Austria: and let me tell you, this arm can carry a rifle yet,—but not for Austria.'

"'But,' said I, 'if not under the government of Austria, under what government would the Tyrol place itself?'

"'Under the government of Tyroleans,' said he; 'Switzerland is free,—and respected; and your government has recognized its republic: have we shewn less ardour in defence of our privileges than the Swiss? but no matter; our turn is at hand.'

In the romantic valley of the Eisach our traveller got acquainted, through the medium of a thunderstorm, with a most intelligent and generous peasant, of whose patriarchal establishment he renders a pleasing account.

"The rain subsiding soon after dinner, I hinted to the master, that I should much like to see his establishment out of doors,—telling him frankly, that we in England knew but little respecting his country,—excepting that it was a romantic land, and contained a brave and noble minded peasantry,—and that I wished to have it in my power to tell my countrymen something about the Tyrol. My compliment was received with a disclaiming shake of the head; and my desire was immediately gratified. The peasant and his family,—all excepting his wife,—accompanied me while we walked over his little fields, and conversed as we went along.

"The whole of the land owned by this peasant, appeared to me as nearly as I could judge by pacing it, as well as by the eye, to consist of about four acres. One third of the whole, as the proprietor informed me, was devoted to the culture of Indian corn; of the remaining two acres and two thirds, about half an acre was in wheat, and another half acre in barley; a quarter of an acre in flax; about an acre, and little more, in grass and wood; and about a quarter of an acre in garden, which contained cabbage, potatoes, sallad, and a few cherry trees. The Indian corn was all required in the establishment,—about one half for the family, and the other for winter provision for the cow: the sheaths, &c., were used as they are used in other parts of the Tyrol. Of the wheat, there was a considerable surplus; and this, and the barley, were taken to the Brixen market, where they produced more than sufficient to purchase coffee, sugar, wine, such implements as were wanted from time to time, and such clothing for the family as was needed; and formed a small money stock besides, which, after being applied to all the purchases beyond what the establishment itself produced, had amounted then to a considerable purse; but the owner did not tell me the amount; nor would it have been civil to have been more inquisitive. The flax was spun, and wove, and fashioned in the family. The grass was all needed for summer pasture for the cow; the wood supplied firing,—and the vegetables were looked upon rather as a dainty than an article of common use. The master and his son, with a little assistance from his daughters, managed and tilled the ground, which seemed a good lightish soil; and was remarkably clean; and in excellent order; and all the duties which fall to the care of a small farmer's wife in England, were here under the cognizance of the peasant's wife and daughters. No cheese was made,—because the soup consumed all the milk, excepting a little that was saved for butter. Besides the cow, there were two pigs, and a litter of young ones; and a number of hens. The dinner I had seen, was the regular dinner of the house; excepting about two days in the fortnight, when some fresh meat is bought in Brixen market with the money, or a part of it,—obtained by the sale of eggs and fowls."

We cannot follow the author farther just now on his agreeable journey: and we regret this, for every vale which he enters has an aspect of its own, and its people are all individual characters. He pauses at the house of Hofer, and gives us an interesting sketch of that bloody campaign, in which the patriot contended in vain with the legions of Napoleon for the independence of his native land.

Bland's Collections from the Greek Anthology. A new edition. By J. H. Merivale, Esq. London: Longman & Co.

THE first sentence on which our eyes glanced on opening this volume contains matter to disarm criticism:

"The Rev. Robert Bland died, curate of Kenilworth, in 1825, when little more than

forty years old, leaving a widow and several children to mourn his irreparable loss—a circumstance which I may be allowed to mention, as affording a motive to the present publication, in the hope of its proving a source of profit, however inconsiderable, intended to be applied exclusively in aid of the eldest son on his approaching removal to College from the Charter House. That, among other attainments of a more solid nature, my young friend inherits at least a portion of his father's talents in the art of versification, will, I trust, be made evident from a few pieces in the last division of the present volume, to which the signature R. B. is attached."

We trust that the success of the volume will more than realize the benevolent intentions of the Editor, and our trust is founded as much on the good taste as on the good feeling of the public, for rarely has the world obtained a richer treasury of poetic gems than is contained in this collection from the Greek Anthology. It is well known that the great collection of lyrical, epigrammatic, and fragmentary poetry, called the Greek Anthology, has always been regarded by poetical freebooters as "the Lemnos-land which every man was at liberty to plunder." The detection of plagiarisms is neither a very pleasant nor a very useful employment; but the comparison of the different modes in which the same object may be presented to the mind by poets of different ages and countries, is equally delightful and instructive. The two are frequently confounded, and perhaps in some cases, the distinction between the actions is not very clear; but it must always be impossible to mistake the agents, for no two minds can differ more than those of the petulant critic and the ardent seeker after mental beauty. In comparing a passage of Campbell's 'Pleasures of Hope' with the original, from which it was borrowed without acknowledgment, our object is not to take a leaf from the chapter of the Bard of Hope, but to give young aspirants an example of judicious imitation, and a specimen of the rich poetic stores contained in the Greek Anthology. Though Campbell's lines are well known, we cannot resist the temptation to quote the passage:

Lo! at the couch where infant beauty sleeps,
Her silent watch the maternal mother keeps;
She, while the lovely babe unconscious lies,
Smiles on her slumbering child with pensive eyes,
And weaves a song of melancholy joy—
"Sleep, image of thy father, sleep, my boy:
No lingering hour of sorrow shall be thine,
No sigh that rends thy father's heart and mine;
Bright as his manly sire, the son shall be
In form and soul: but, ah, more blest than he!
Thy fame, thy worth, thy filial love, at last,
Shall soothe his aching heart for all the past—
With many a smile my solitude repay,
And chase the world's ungenerous scorn away."

The original of this beautiful picture is in Simonides, "alike, yet oh how different!"

When the wind, resounding high,
Bluster'd from the northern sky,
When the waves, in stronger tide,
Dash'd against the vessel's side,
Her care-worn cheek with tears bedew'd,
Her sleeping infant Danae view'd;
And trembling still with new alarms,
Around him cast a mother's arms,
"My child! what woes does Danae weep!
But thy young limbs are wrapt in sleep.
In that poor nook all sad and dark,
While lightnings play around our bark,
Thy quiet bosom only knows
The heavy sigh of deep repose.
"The howling wind, the raging sea,
No terror can excite in thee:
The angry surges wake no care
That burst above thy long deep hair,
But couldst thou feel what I deplore,
Then would I bid thee sleep the more!

Sleep on, sweet boy! still be the deep!
Oh could I lull my woes to sleep!
Jove, let thy mighty hand o'erthrow
The hostile malice of my foe;
And may this child, in future years,
Avenge his mother's wrongs and tears!"

It is unnecessary to praise the harmony of this version; rarely has any translation united such melodious verse with strict fidelity to the original. It was written by the Rev. R. Bland, the first editor of the Anthology. We quote the following epitaph on an infant, to show that the son inherits no small share of his father's powers:

Too soon, grim Monarch, with unholy hand,
You snatch'd this infant to your dreary land,
Like some fair rose-bud, pluck'd from mortal sight
Ere all its beauties open into light.
Cease, wretched parents! cease your wailings wild,
Nor mourn for ever your departed child!
Her youthful graces, and her form so fair,
Deserved a dwelling in the realms of air.
As if you once—believe the soothing lay!—
The Nymphs—not Death—have borne your child away.

The present editor also possesses a son who inherits taste and ability; we shall extract two poems in a different style from the preceding; the first translated by the elder, and the second by the younger, Merivale:—

Love Proclaimed.

Love I proclaim—the vagrant child,
Who, even now, at dawn of day,
Stole from his bed, and flew away.
He's wont to weep, as though he smil'd;
For ever prattling, swift and daring;
Laughs with wide mouth and wrinkled nose;
Wing'd on the back, and always bearing
A quiver rattling as he goes;
Unknown the author of his birth—
For Air, 'tis certain ne'er begot
The saucy boy; and as for Earth
And Sea, both swear they own him not:
To all, and everywhere, a foe.
But you must look, and keep good watch,
Lest he should still around him throw
Fresh nets, unwary spoils to catch.
Stay!—while I yet am speaking, lo!
There, there he sits, like one forbidden—
And did you hope to 'scape me so—
In Lesbia's eyes, you truant, hidden?

The Vow.

In holy night we made the vow;
And the same lamp that long before
Had seen our early passion grow
Was witness to the faith we swore.
Did I not swear to love her ever?
And have I ever dared to rove?
Did she not vow a rival never
Should shake her faith, or steal her love?
Yet now she says those words were air,
Those vows were written in the water;
And, by the lamp that heard her swear,
Hath yielded to the first that sought her.

We need scarcely add a formal commendation to this volume, for the extracts we have made are sufficient to establish its excellency; but we feel ourselves bound to say that the introduction and notes contain much valuable information, and render the work as useful to the classical student, as, by its poetic merits, it is made delightful to the general reader.

The Puritan's Grave. By the Author of 'The Usurer's Daughter.' 3 vols. London: Saunders & Otley.

Of any given number of readers who should by accident, and without any intimation of their merits, take up these volumes, we think it probable, that nearly one half might lay them down again, without advancing far enough into their perusal to discover the sterling materials of which they are composed. The subject is an unpromising one, and the novel is one of that class descriptive of the manners and feelings of historical periods which owe their existence in such abundance to the example of Sir Walter Scott. The

story before us, too, is opened by an introduction, after the same example, which by no means increases the promise of the paths into which it is destined to lead; and, as it assumes to be transcribed from an old manuscript, (the manuscript of a Puritan, too,) there is an affectation of quaintness and sobriety in the style, the effect of which, at first, is dry and unpleasing. In addition to the fact, that the impression of these disadvantages has to be overcome before the reader is sufficiently interested in the theme, the first volume is certainly not so full of the peculiar beauties which characterize the work as its successors; and thus the hasty reader might be induced to do a great injustice to his author and to himself, for want of that patience which is one of our duties in the exercise of the critical office. If the task of the reviewer be anything but the sinecure which it appears to be the uninitiated, and if it expose him who discharges it to many trials of the most wholesome of virtues, it is, by no means, without its compensations;—and often have we found ourselves rewarded for the discharge of the duty which led us to enter very gloomy porches, and most unpromising vestibules, by being let into inner chambers, ennobled by the pillars of imagination, or enriched by the genius of fancy; often been led by paths whose aspect would certainly not have allured the mere loiterer, into fields of exceeding beauty, sprinkled with the flowers of feeling, and haunted by the low and gentle music of some of the sweetest and purest streams of thought. The latter has been the case in the instance before us; and we recommend that none of our readers lay aside the 'Puritan's Grave,' until they find themselves well into the second volume; and that they, then, lay it aside, if they can.

It is, in truth, a beautifully told tale,—of privations endured for conscience-sake, and suffering in the cause of truth. The scene is laid at the period of the restoration of the Stuarts,—when the sober and chastened feelings of the land were outraged by the gross licentiousness of the vulgar English imitators of a profligate foreign court, and when the ascendancy of the Cavaliers everywhere exposed the Puritans to that persecution which was certainly but the natural consequence of their own former doings, which would have led to far more violent results in an age of higher passion and less frivolous pursuit. The return of Sir Thomas Merivale, one of the banished Cavaliers, to the seat of his ancestors, in the pleasant village of Emmerton, leads first to the demoralization of the villagers, and finally to the expulsion from his pastoral ministrations of Ferdinand Faithful, after their zealous discharge, as Vicar of Emmerton, for twenty years. The rest of the story contains the narrative of the good vicar's subsequent struggles with the world on which he had been thus cast, and the gradual sinking of himself and his family into poverty and sorrow; and has for one of its sources of interest, the love of Henry St. John, a young Cavalier, and friend of Sir Thomas Merivale, for Ann Faithful, one of the daughters of the Puritan clergyman. The author seems to have been greatly in love with this beautiful creation of his fancy—quite as much so as St. John himself—and assuredly he contrives to raise up, amongst his readers, a host of rivals to that favoured young gentleman. We certainly cannot boast

of having listened to his descriptions of the pure and gentle girl, with perfect impunity, ourselves. Indeed, his friendship for the whole of the family of Ferdinand Faithful has induced him to keep the Sectarian parts of their characters (if they were so tainted,) greatly in the background; and he has managed to make of his Puritan, as it appears to us, a very perfect Christian gentleman. The story is full of beautiful morals,—everywhere exhibiting the *healing* to be drawn from the waters of life, when they are *troubled*:—full, too, of a deep and natural pathos;—and richly illustrated by aphorisms of a high order, both of thought and style. There is both poetry and philosophy in the volumes—poetry of the sort which appeals at once to the heart, without the intervention of the fancy; and philosophy that has looked upon the storms of the world, and gone down like a skilful diver into the depths, to bring up the pearls of thought that lie below their agitated surface; and the narrative flows on in language which at length grows, we think, exceeding melodious to the ear.

We had marked many passages for extract, among others, some portions from the description of Ferdinand Faithful's last spiritual ministration in the village of Emmerton; but upon reconsideration, none of these isolated passages seemed to convey an accurate idea of the general merit of the work; we shall, therefore, rest content with our description, and a hearty recommendation of it.

A General View of the Geology of Scripture, in which the unerring Truth of the Inspired Narrative of the Early Events in the World is exhibited, and distinctly proved by the corroborative Testimony of Physical Facts on every part of the Earth's Surface. By George Fairholme, Esq. Ridgway.

The Mosaic and Mineral Geologies, Illustrated and Compared. By W. M. Higgins, F.G.S. Scoble.

BOTH these works will, we are sure, be read with interest by all who are anxious to reconcile the Scriptural account of the Creation of the earth, with the facts that have of late years been discovered by those who have examined the structure of its crust. The object of both authors is to prove that what geologists consider at variance with Scripture history either do not affect it at all, or furnish evidence instead of objections to the truth of revealed religion. It is well known that some of the most eminent of modern geologists, who have been both learned divines and sincere christians, have been so puzzled at the seeming discordance of revelation and physical facts, as to have sought refuge in arguments which, it must be confessed, are not always the most intelligible. Laws for the government of intellectual beings, says Professor Sedgwick, and laws by which material things are held together, have not one common element to connect them; and to seek for an exposition of the phenomena of the natural world among the moral destinies of mankind, would be as unwise as to look for rules of moral government among the laws of chemical combination. But Mr. Higgins rightly observes upon this point, that—

"The question is not whether we ought to expect a statement of physical truths in a work intended to promote the spiritual welfare of

mankind, but whether those statements relative to the creation of the world, which are given in the Bible, do coincide with those facts which are discovered by an examination of the constitution of the globe itself. Those who believe the Scriptures to be a divine revelation, cannot suppose that the inspired historian was permitted to teach falsehood, when he sketched the outlines of the history of the Creation."

Mr. Fairholme sets himself boldly to his task. With him there certainly is no want of determination to make good the opinions he espouses; for he objects without scruple to the whole series of modern views of geological phenomena, declares that the supposed facts, upon which some of them are founded, are apocryphal, denies the justness of the conclusions usually drawn from others, and asserts, that the whole are to be explained by the book of Genesis, taken literally, and by no other. For example, he insists upon the old coal-measures having been deposited by the ocean, and not by rivers or lakes; he asserts, that there is no evidence of the chalk being above the coal—denies the doctrine of Cuvier and others as to the nature of what are called the marine and fresh water formations of the Paris basin; and endeavours to prove that what are generally believed to be rocks deposited at extremely distant periods, are often, in fact, the result of the action of the deluge during the year and ten days that it lasted. But let Mr. Fairholme speak for himself:—

"We shall find, that the more we study geology and mineralogy, on an enlarged scale, and under the impression of the historical view, which informs us, not only that the old earth was to disappear, but that it actually did become overwhelmed by a flood of waters, and that we are consequently now inhabiting a new earth, the very nature of which assures us without the evidence of history, that it formerly was the bed of the ocean; the more easily we shall be enabled to account, in a natural manner, for the secondary formations and effects, now everywhere presented to our view. When we have once admitted that the primitive rocks were created without any connexion or assistance from the sea, of which they bear no marks; that the depression for the 'gathering together of the waters' must naturally have given rise to the earliest secondary formations, in which no fossil remains are found; that, in the course of upwards of sixteen centuries, many strata of a sandy and calcareous nature must naturally have been formed, with which the entire bed of the antediluvian ocean must have been encased; and forming heights and hollows of an easy and rounded form, as at the present day; and that, at this particular period of the world, an interchange was to take place, between the level of the old sea, and of the old land, by which preternatural operation, ordained for an especial purpose by the Great Ruler of the universe, these secondary heights and hollows were to become visible; from the moment we take this view of the subject, everything on the earth becomes consistent, which was before confused and in darkness: we can trace, in our minds, the whole operation of mineral secondary formations, although we cannot be expected, always, to account for the various characters impressed upon different rocks, in the course of passing under the influence of the chemical processes of nature. When we thus acknowledge the *period* and the *mode* of the deluge, we have only then to discover, in our present rocks, what the particular formations were, which formed the actual *bed* of the sea, at that destructive period. When we have been enabled to do this, as we can often do most distinctly (as, for instance, in the chalk basins of

geologists), we may be satisfied, that everything we find *above* them, is the result of the action of the deluge, in the slow and gradual progress of which, during one whole year, the sea would continue to arrange and deposit the substances of every kind submitted to its action, in the same manner as at other times, only to a prodigiously greater extent, from the preternatural supply of the whole moveable soils and productions of the antediluvian continents."

The trunks of some trees lying aslant the sandstone of the coal—the upright position of others—the impressions of footmarks left by animals resembling the turtle—and some other circumstances, furnish Mr. Fairholme with evidence of the rapid, not slow, deposit of that rock; for he justly observes, that these well-known facts are wholly irreconcilable with the action of water during a long period, and bear far more resemblance to what we may suppose would be the effect of a few tides.

In explaining the presence of tropical trees and animals in arctic regions, he adopts the views of Constant Prevost, and others, who ascribe them to the action of equatorial currents, which conveyed them at the time of the deluge to distant regions just as the gulf-stream in modern times carries seeds and fragments of wood from the Spanish main to the shores of Iceland and Norway. It does not appear to Mr. Fairholme at all difficult to account, on this principle, for that prodigious accumulation of elephants, with their flesh in a fresh state, which is now met with at the mouth of the River Lena; because the generation of gaseous matter which renders dead animals buoyant would enable even these bulky creatures to float along the stream which set in the waters of the deluge from the Equator to the Frozen Ocean.

Finally, the absence of the remains of man from all strata except of the most recent formation, which is one of the greatest difficulties in the way of reconciling geological facts with the Mosaic history, is denied or accounted for; and the rocks in which human remains have certainly been found, are asserted to be as ancient as the oldest secondary formations.

Our limits will not permit us to dwell upon this subject. There are many other points upon which Mr. Fairholme has touched, that we should have been glad to have noticed; but, for these, and for the arguments of the author, we must refer to the work itself. If we do not always assent to his doctrines, or admit the validity of his reasoning, and if we think that the greatest difficulties are left almost untouched, we nevertheless are of opinion, that these pages contain a great deal that is extremely deserving the serious consideration of the geologist.

Mr. Higgins deals with his task in a very different manner. He admits the general truth of the statements of modern geologists, of which indeed his book is a clear and very useful summary; and he rests his defence of the Mosaic history upon other grounds. With him the question turns upon the meaning to be assigned to the words employed by the sacred historian. He considers that the statement, "In the beginning, God created the heaven and the earth," refers to a period of time of unknown extent, anterior to the commencement of the six days; it is indefinite, and may refer to the preceding day, or to thousands of years; and he declares that it is the province of geology to determine

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the state of the earth during the period that intervened between its creation and the beginning of the six days.

"We then understand Moses to assert that, at a certain time, called the beginning, God created the heavens and earth; and that they as really appeared, and were as really in existence as they are at the present moment. And after they had existed an undetermined time, God came forth to create man, and, previous to that act, fitted the world for his habitation; but when he commenced this work, the earth was unfurnished and invisible."

With this Mr. Higgins is of opinion that science and the facts of geology, in particular, coincide.

Sonnets. By Edward Moxon. (Printed for private circulation only.)

A copy of this unassuming work has fallen in our way. We are critics on *publications* only. It is like criticising a domestic conversation, or a friendly letter, to notice a little book, professedly not meant for the public eye. But we are pleased, and pleasure will speak out when discretion whispers it to be still. The author has professional reasons to be private. With them we have nothing to do, but to say, that if unabating industry, integrity above his avocation, unparalleled success for the short time he has entered upon it, are any auguries of success, this notice of ours will not hinder his calling. We have no parallel for this mixed character—qualities united seemingly at farthest variance—except in fine old Humphrey Mosely, the *stationer* (so were booksellers termed in the good old times), who, for love only, not for lucre, ushered into the world the first poems of Waller, the *Juvenilia* of Milton, besides a lesser galaxy of the poets of his day, with *Prefaces*, of his own honest composing, worthy of the strains they preluded to. Turn, reader, to his introduction to the *Minor Poems* of Milton, and say, if that soul, which inspirits it, worked for gain. H. M. (bibliomanists will gladly recognise him by his initials) was, in his day, what we hope E. M. will prove in his, the fosterer of poetry, not merely the sordid trader in it. We must steal a sonnet or two from this sealed book, to justify our expectations. The first shall be 'To the Nightingale': the originality of the concluding thought, and general sweetness of the versification, make us, reluctantly almost, give it the preference.

Lone midnight-soothing melancholy bird,
That send'st such music to my sleepless soul,
Chaining her faculties in fast controul,
Few listen to thy song: yet I have heard,
When Man and Nature slept, not aspen stirr'd,
Thy mournful voice, sweet vigil of the sleeping—
And lik'en'd thee to some angelic mind,
That sits and mourns for erring mortals weeping;
The genius, not of groves, but of mankind,
Watch at this solemn hour o'er millions keeping.
In Eden's bowers, as mighty poets tell,
Did'st thou repeat, as now, that wailing call—
Those sorrowing notes might seem, sad Philomel,
Prophetic to have mourn'd of man the fall.

One more, and we have done. We mistake, if a Petrarch-like delicacy is not to be found in the following:—

Methought my Love was dead. O 'twas a night
Of dreary weeping, and of bitter woe!
Methought I saw her lovely spirit go
With lingering looks into yon star so bright,
Which then assumed such a benighted light,
That all the fires in heaven compared with this
Were scarce perceptible to my weak sight.
There seem'd henceforth the haven of my bliss;
To that I turn'd with fervency of soul,
And pray'd that morn might never break again,

But o'er me that pure planet still remain.
Alas! o'er it my vows had no controul.
The lone star set: I woke; full glad, I deem,
To find my sorrow but a *Lover's Dream!*

Lives of the celebrated Spaniards, comprising the Cid Campeador—Roger de Lauria—Guzman the Good—the Prince of Viana—the Great Captain. Translated from the Spanish of Quintana, by T. R. Preston. London: Fellowes.

QUINTANA'S work is already become a standard of the Spanish language, and deservedly—yet the grace, and ease, and purity of its style, are not more admirable than the powerful interest of the narratives, and the honest impartiality of the writer. But the very delicacy and purity of the language are difficulties in the way of translation—and these are not all. Quintana is perfect master of all the various powers of his language—and he abounds in fine nervous idiomatic expressions, not a little perplexing to an ordinary Spanish scholar. For these reasons, we were not surprised to find that the translation before us, though in general accurate, is sometimes too literal, but more frequently too free, or that Mr. Preston occasionally cuts a knot he finds it difficult to untie. Yet, fair allowance being made, we can recommend his work as a very creditable one, although our critical duty obliges us to give him a few words of advice, which will not, we trust, be thrown away, should he continue his translations. In the first place, we recommend him not to insert passages from the original as foot notes to his pages—it is not probable that those who understand Spanish, unless, like ourselves, called on by duty, will consult his translation; and we still more strongly recommend him to spare all comment and explanations on the text. When a worthy man, but no lawyer, was appointed judge in one of the colonies, he was recommended by an experienced brother, to take care that, in pronouncing judgment, he never assigned reasons—for he would otherwise be at the mercy of those better informed. So we might have passed over many passages if Mr. Preston had not drawn our attention to them by his explanatory notes—as at page 58, where he observes that—"The monster being thus despatched, Guzman made the men approach, and cut out his tongue, which they did; when calling to the lion, (Quintana does not tell us *what* he called him,) the grateful animal," &c. Now, the small wit in this parenthesis is ridiculous. *Llamar* in Spanish, like to *call* in English, does not merely mean to name, but to *command* to come, and Quintana meant that Guzman commanded the lion to come to him. There is another of these notes, page 131, in which the translator tries hard to excuse Quintana for having said what he never dreamt of saying. The original stands thus: "El alma de toda esta nueva confederacion era el Papa, y a nombre de la iglesia se hacia todo," which, literally translated, is, "The soul of this new confederacy was the Pope, and every thing was done in the name of the church." Quintana merely states a fact, but Mr. Preston makes him say: "The soul of this new confederacy was the Pope—and, in the name of the church, *what is not to be accomplished?*" and then writes an explanatory note, assuring the reader that Quintana

meant nothing disrespectful to the church. Mr. Preston is seemingly a little thin skinned on this subject. If Quintana had never written anything more severe against priestcraft than this passage, even if the translator's error had been found in the original, Father Velez would not have gained an Archbishopric for his defence against the famous *Ay del alcázar que al error fundaron, &c.*

One other word of comment, and we have done; it is on a passage, page 69: where speaking of King Don Sancho, it is said that, "for a period of eighteen years had he saved the country from invasion by the Moors," whereas in the original we find, "De diez y ocho años salvó el estado de la invasion de los sarracenos," which means, that when eighteen years of age he saved the country from an invasion of the Moors,—a vastly different thing, we submit. We could point out other like negligences, but they are few, and do not affect the general character of the translation, which is creditable to Mr. Preston.

FAMILY LIBRARY.—No. XXXVII.

Lives of Scottish Worthies. By Patrick Fraser Tytler, Esq. Vol. III. London: Murray.

OF the merits of the first and second volumes of this national work, we spoke favourably: the claims of the third volume to our approbation are still less to be questioned, for the author has examined the characters and related the fortunes of James the First, Henryson, Dunbar, Gavin Douglas, and Sir David Lindsay, with much sagacity, knowledge, and feeling. These are the chief poets who flourished, not only for Scotland, but for England also, from the days of Chaucer to those of Spenser; and no one who is not acquainted with their compositions can pretend, with truth, to be conversant with the whole of our great early poets. It is true, that Campbell in his specimens omits Douglas, but this was probably a whim of the author, for Gavin is a poet of high and varied powers. Ordinary readers are repulsed from the pages of Chaucer, by the odd spelling and uncouth look of the verse: a little study and perseverance would overcome all this: the same may be said of the works of the Scottish poets whom we have named: the language looks strange, but is by no means difficult. As we became familiar with their genius, we could not fail to perceive imagination of a high order, and passion, and feeling, and most of those rare and shining things which unite in forming a truly great poet. To the proper study of their productions, these *Lives* will be highly useful: the author has made just estimates of their characters, and given judicious extracts from their poems; explaining what seemed obscure, and modernizing the language without crushing out its strength in the experiment. Of James the First, he says,

"His education in Scotland under Wardlaw, his lengthened nurture in England, his repeated residence in France, and the leisure for study and mental cultivation which was given by his tedious imprisonment, were much in his favour; yet, giving full weight to all this, James the First was unquestionably endowed by nature with original genius,—that rare quality of mind, which, had he been a subject instead of a sovereign, would still have marked him for an extraordinary man. As a boy, it is probable he had read and delighted in the works of Barbour,

and we may conjecture that the exploits of the renowned Bruce, the chivalry of the good Sir James, and the counsels, sage and calm, of the great Randolph, cheered many a lonely hour in his confinement at Windsor. From the 'Chronicle,' too, of the venerable Prior of Lochleven, with which it is impossible that a mind so eager and inquisitive as his should not have been acquainted, he must have derived, not a bare chronology of the history of his kingdom, but many fresh and romantic pictures, descriptive of the scenery of the period and the manners of a feudal age. But whilst the literature of his own country could furnish him with two such authors, he has himself informed us that his poetical ambition was chiefly kindled by the study of Chaucer and Gower. 'His maisters dere'—

"that on steppes sate
Of rhetoric, while they were lyvand here."

Of Chaucer, a man whose genius, in many of its distinguishing peculiarities, has been yet unrivalled in the history of English literature, it was the highest praise that he created a new style, and clothed it in a new language; that out of the rude and unformed materials of his native tongue, which lay scattered around him, disdained and deserted by the pedantry of the age, he erected a noble and original edifice, full of delightful chambers of imagery, furnished with the living manners and crowded with the breathing figures of his own age, clothed in their native dresses, and speaking their native language.

"The same praise, though certainly in an inferior degree, is due to James the First. Although preceded by Barbour and Winton, he is the father of the tender and romantic poetry of Scotland,—the purifier and the reformer of the language of his country. His greatest work, the 'King's Quhair,' or 'King's Book,' is in no part unworthy of Chaucer, and, not unfrequently, in the delicacy and tenderness of its sentiment, superior even to that master of the shell. 'The design, or theme, of this work,' says that excellent author, to whose taste and research the literary world is indebted for its first publication, 'is the royal poet's love for his beautiful mistress, Jane Beaufort, of whom he became enamoured whilst a prisoner at the castle of Windsor.' The recollection of the misfortunes of his youth, his early and long captivity, the incident which gave rise to his love, its purity, constancy, and happy issue, are all set forth by way of allegorical vision, according to the reigning taste of the age, as we find in the poems of Chaucer, Gower, and Lydgate, his contemporaries."

His exquisite poem of the King's Quhair is equal in fancy, elegance of diction, tenderness and delicacy of feeling, to any work of that day produced in the island: but this is not all: James is the oldest, and still one of the best of the festive bards of Scotland. The fine wit, flowing humour, and boundless glee of the 'Christ's Kirk on the Green,' have only been surpassed by Burns. He had other high qualities:—

"This monarch, however, in addition to his poetical powers, was a person of almost universal accomplishment. He sang beautifully, and not only accompanied himself upon the harp and the organ, but composed various airs and pieces of sacred music, in which there was to be recognized the same original and inventive genius which distinguished him in everything to which he applied his mind. It cannot be doubted, says Mr. Tytler, in his 'Dissertation on Scottish Music,' that under such a genius in poetry and music as James I., the national music must have greatly improved. One great step towards this was, the introduction of organs by this prince, into the cathedrals and abbeys in Scotland; and, of course, the establishment of

a choral service of church music. The testimony of Tassoni is still more remarkable: 'We may reckon among us moderns,' says he, in his 'Pensieri Diversi,' lib. 10, 'James, King of Scotland, who not only composed many sacred pieces of vocal music, but also of himself invented a new kind of music, plaintive and melancholy, different from all other; in which he has been imitated by Carlo Gesualdo, Prince of Venosa, who, in our age, has improved music with new and admirable inventions.'"

Of Robert Henryson, known to the English scholar, by his beautiful conclusion of Chaucer's 'Troilus and Cressida,' little has been related by biographers or preserved by tradition.

"But of the works (says Mr. Tytler) of this remarkable man it is difficult, when we consider the period in which they were written, to speak in terms of too warm encomium. In strength, and sometimes even in sublimity of painting, in pathos and sweetness, in the variety and beauty of his pictures of natural scenery, in the vein of quiet and playful humour which runs through many of his pieces, and in that fine natural taste, which, rejecting the faults of his age, has dared to think for itself,—he is altogether excellent; and did the limits of these sketches permit, it would be easy to justify this high praise by examples. Where, for instance, could we meet, even in the works of Chaucer or Spenser, with a finer personification than this early poet has given us of Saturn, sitting shivering in his cold and distant sphere, his matted locks falling down his shoulders, glittering and fretted with hoar frosts; the wind whistling through his grey and weather-beaten garments, and a sheaf of arrows, feathered with ice and headed with hailstones, stuck under his girdle?

His face frowned, his lere was like the lede,
His teeth chattered and shivered with the chin,
His eyne droupid, whole sonkin in his hede;
Out at his nose the midrop fast gan rin,
With hippie blew, and chekis leue and thin;
The icicles that fro his heer dome hong,
Were wonder grete, and as a speer was longe.
Attour his belte his lyart lokkis laie
Feltrid unfair or fret with frostis bore,
His garment and his gite full gay of graie,
His withered weide fro him the wind out wore!
A housesteau bow within his hande he bore;
Under his girdle a fasche of felon flains
Fedrid with ice, and headed with holstains."

William Dunbar, the greatest of the early poets of Scotland, was born at Saltoun, in East Lothian, in 1465, and educated for the church. His works are numerous and varied. His humour is equal to that of any writer, and his serious flights are oftener approached than surpassed. 'The Thistle and the Rose,' written in commemoration of the marriage of James IV. with Margaret Tudor, daughter of Henry VII.; 'The Golden Targe; or, the Power of Love;' 'The Two Married Women and the Widow;' and the 'Two Friars of Berwick,' are his chief works, and cannot be read without admiration of his fertility of fancy, harmonious happiness of language, elevation of sentiment, and social humour. The 'Two Friars of Berwick' is second to no tale in the whole range of British poetry. Our author says well—

"There are few of Chaucer's tales which are equal, and certainly none of them superior to this excellent piece of satire. I have dwelt upon it the rather, because, without the coarseness and licentiousness which infects the poetry of the age, it gives us a fine specimen of its strength and natural painting. The whole management of the story, its quiet comic humour, its variety and natural delineation of human character, the freshness and brilliancy of its colouring, the excellence and playfulness of its satire upon the hypocritical and dissolute lives of many of the

monastic orders, and the easy and vigorous versification into which it is thrown, are entitled to the highest praise."

Our friend Mr. David Laing, Secretary of the Bannatyne Club, has prepared, we know, an edition of the works of this distinguished poet, containing many valuable pieces hitherto unpublished: there are also notes illustrative of his poetry, and the manners of the times in which he lived, which, from the knowledge and sagacity of the editor, we feel persuaded cannot be otherwise than very valuable. Little is known of the personal history of Dunbar, save what he has related in his poems:—

"It is deeply to be regretted, that of a poet whose genius is so unquestionable, and who shines with a dazzling brightness amongst the inferior luminaries by whom he is surrounded, nothing almost is known. From his own verses it appears that he followed the court. He lived a companion of the great and opulent, yet poor and often in want; he died in such extreme obscurity, that the place where he closed his eyes, and the time when he was gathered to his fathers, are both alike unknown. In his curious poem entitled a 'Lament for the Makars,' composed, in all probability, during his last sickness, he pathetically laments his having survived all his tuneful brethren.

Syne he has all my brethren tane,
He will not lat me live alane.
Perforce I man his next prey be,
Tunor Mortis Conturbat Me."

Gavin Douglas, and also Sir David Lindsay, lived in the open sunshine of the Court, and their fortunes are better known, though their merits rank not with those of "Dunbar the Makkar." Their lives are written with care and impartiality: that of Lindsay is particularly interesting, from the warfare which his muse waged with the Church of Rome; his sarcastic comments alarmed the 'Scarlet Lady,' long before Knox thundered against her.

Much as we like these Lives, and much as we like the author for having sympathized so deeply with the great sons of northern song, we are far from satisfied. The work is too limited: the worthies of Scotland would fill thrice as many volumes, without including one less eminent than any in the volume before us. Johnson, in his Lives of the Poets, omitted Chaucer, Spenser, and Shakspeare: Tytler, in his Lives of Scottish Worthies, has left out the Marquis of Montrose, Allan Ramsay, Drummond, Thomson, Beattie, and Burns—nay, we have a suspicion that he considers some of these worthies below his notice: like Campbell in the affair of Gavin Douglas, he has his whim: he evidently dislikes Ramsay; he never alludes to his 'Monk and the Miller's Wife,' an admirable rustic version of Dunbar's 'Two Friars of Berwick.' Allan has a vast deal of natural humour and glee: nor is it a mean authority that says, "his 'Gentle Shepherd' is the only pastoral of nature in the language."

Life and Works of Lord Byron. Vol. XVI. London: Murray.

It would characterize the present volume of this work sufficiently, to say that it is a worthy companion of the last: there are, however, attractions about it which require more particular notice. It contains in all six cantos of Don Juan. "The extracts now appended to the siege, in Cantos 7 and 8," says the editor, "will, it is presumed, in-

terest, and perhaps surprise, many readers. It will be seen, that throughout this powerful picture, the poet has relied on a literal transcript of recorded facts, with precisely the same feelings which had produced the terrible verisimilitude of his shipwreck in canto second; and it must please every one to know, that those traits of graceful humanity, with which Don Juan's personal conduct is made to relieve the horrors of a Russian sack, are only a faithful copy of what was done in the moment of victory at Ismael, by a real 'preux chevalier,' the Duke of Richelieu."

The variations are not numerous or important; while the attacks or commendations of critics are brief, and to the point. The illustrations come from all quarters; some of the coincidences are happy, others remote; but all unite in giving light to the text, as well as in showing the reading and ingenuity of the editor. When Canto fifth was published, it appears that the Countess Guiccioli was seized with a capricious fit of virtue: she requested the poet as he loved her to add no more to such a libertine poem: he promised this in a moment of weakness: she wrote a note to strengthen his resolution. "Remember (she said), my Byron, the promise you have made me. Never shall I be able to tell you the satisfaction I feel from it; so great are the sentiments of pleasure and confidence with which the sacrifice you have made has inspired me." It was in vain that the lady strove to monopolize him from the muse: he hesitated for a time, and then continued the poem, with the consent, perhaps, of the Countess. There are many notes illustrative of the character of that half-hero and half-buffoon, Suwarrow; and others throwing light, as far as light can be thrown, on the conduct of the Empress Catherine.

Témoignages Historiques; ou, Quinze Ans de Haute Police sous Napoléon. Par M. Desmarest, Chef de cette partie pendant tout le Consulat et l'Empire. Paris, 1833.

SUCH is the title of the posthumous work or memoirs left by the Secretary of Fouché and Rovigo, the *working Chief* of the Police of Napoleon. If neither so amusing nor so full of pretension as the *Memoirs* of the modern French in general, the present volume has at least the merit of being genuine, and we recommend it especially to the attention of the *Quarterly Review*, or to that contributor who is so fond of spying into and discussing the petty wrong-doings and intrigues of Bonaparte's government. It contains some very curious disclosures upon all the conspiracies and mysterious incidents of the times—the *Infernal Machine*, Sir Sydney Smith, the deaths of Capt. Wright, and of Pichegru. There is a long chapter upon the disappearance of Mr. Bathurst in 1809. We shall limit our present extracts to the account of the death of the Emperor Paul.

Count Pahlen, it seems, was the only faithful servitor of Paul. He had warned his master of the plots against him, of which the Empress and his son Alexander were not ignorant. A ukase condemning them both to be seized was signed. The document, hesitatingly withheld by Paul, was stolen and shown to Alexander. This decided the latter to

assent to the immediate execution of the project. General Benigsen, governor of the palace, a malcontent, but as yet ignorant of the conspiracy, was invited by the conspirators to dinner. It was then proposed to him. He hesitated—it was given his choice of participation or death, and accepted the former. They forthwith repaired to the palace, Benigsen facilitating their entry; and when the conspirators faltered on the stairs leading to the Emperor's apartment, it was Benigsen who, in his turn, threatened those who recoiled with death, saying, "they had dragged him in so far, and should go on."

"They were soon in the chamber of the Emperor, who leaped from his bed on their first appearance, and was compelled to listen to a proposal for his abdication, and a promise that, the throne once ceded to his son, he should be allowed to live tranquilly in his palace. The Emperor, dressing himself, entered into explanations as to his conduct, his rights, &c., when beholding Benigsen, he appealed to him, as one more favourable. The General replied, 'We are come neither to talk nor to listen to talk. Abdicate or perish.'

"Paul, judging from this of the seriousness of the plot, paused as if to deliberate. He then sat down at his desk to write. But soon flinging away pen and paper, he rose with impetuosity, and began to upbraid the conspirators with their boldness. Benigsen immediately gave orders for his death. The conspirators instantly fell upon him, and a struggle ensued. Paul escaped, rushed to a little door, communicating by a hidden stair with his faithful Cossack guard. But the handle (*bouton*) of the lock, (Alexander pointed it out with horror some years after to his preceptor, Laharpe,) small and polished, slipped through his hands, and would not turn. The Emperor, disappointed, flew behind the hangings.

"His motions were so quick, as to be unperceived by the conspirators, who had fortified their courage by drink: Benigsen, however, descried the boots of the Prince beneath the hangings, and Paul was again dragged into the apartment and hidden to sign or die. Another struggle ensued, the conspirators being unwilling to use any weapon that might testify too openly of a violent death, or perhaps seeking really to spare his life, and obtain a written abdication, out of respect to Alexander. At length, however, when several were wounded and hurt, one of them seized a leaden weight for keeping down papers, that lay on the desk, and struck the Emperor a blow with it on the back of the head, that laid him flat.

"There was nothing left but to strangle him. K— had carried about him for a long time a silken cord, with ends of wood, prepared for the purpose. He could not find it. But the scarf worn by Paul himself supplied its place!"

The Black Death in the Fourteenth Century.

From the German of I. F. C. Hecker, M.D. Translated by B. G. Babington, M.D. London: Schloss.

THE peculiar views and opinions advanced in this work, we shall leave to be discussed by our medical journals—we refer to it as an interesting and curious history of the greatest natural calamity on record—for the minute and authentic particulars it contains, of that pestilence which in the fourteenth century spread desolation over the earth from China to Greenland, and which, it is believed, destroyed at least one-fourth of the population of the whole world, visiting England, indeed, with such peculiar severity, that it has been asserted, that nine-tenths of the people

perished—certainly the general mortality must have been awful, when from the most credible accounts it would appear that 100,000 died in London alone, and 51,100 in Norwich. Of its ravages in some continental cities, the particulars are here collected from the contemporary historians. At Florence, there died certainly not less than 60,000—Venice 100,000—in Marseilles, in one month, 16,000—in Siena, 70,000—in Paris, 50,000—in Avignon, 60,000—in Basle, 14,000—in Erfurt, at least 16,000. But we shall now extract from the work some account of its desolating career:—

"Cairo lost daily, when the plague was raging with its greatest violence, from 10 to 15,000; being as many as, in modern times, great plagues have carried off during their whole course. In China, more than thirteen millions are said to have died; and this is in correspondence with the certainly exaggerated accounts from the rest of Asia. India was depopulated. Tartary, the Tartar kingdom of Kaptshak, Mesopotamia, Syria, Armenia, were covered with dead bodies—the Kurds fled in vain to the mountains. In Caramania and Caesarea, none were left alive. On the roads,—in the camps,—in the caravansaries,—unburied bodies alone were seen. In Aleppo, 600 died daily; 22,000 people, and most of the animals, were carried off in Gaza, within six weeks. Cyprus lost almost all its inhabitants; and ships without crews were often seen in the Mediterranean; as afterwards in the North Sea, driving about, and spreading the plague wherever they went on shore. It was reported to Pope Clement, at Avignon, that throughout the East, probably with the exception of China, 23,840,000 people had fallen victims to the plague. * * *

"Merchants, whose earnings and possessions were unbanded, coldly and willingly renounced their earthly goods. They carried their treasures to monasteries and churches, and laid them at the foot of the altar; but gold had no charms for the monks, for it brought them death. They shut their gates; yet, still it was cast to them over the convent walls. People would brook no impediment to the last pious work to which they were driven by despair. When the plague ceased, men thought they were still wandering among the dead, so appalling was the living aspect of the survivors, in consequence of the anxiety they had undergone, and the unavoidable infection of the air. Many other cities probably presented a similar appearance; and it is ascertained that a great number of small country towns and villages which have been estimated, and not too highly, at 200,000, were bereft of all their inhabitants.

"In many places in France not more than two out of twenty of the inhabitants were left alive, and the capital felt the fury of the plague, alike in the palace and the cot. * * *

"The church-yards were soon unable to contain the dead, and many houses, left without inhabitants, fell to ruins.

"In Avignon, the pope found it necessary to consecrate the Rhone, that bodies might be thrown into the river without delay, as the church-yards would no longer hold them; so likewise, in all populous cities, extraordinary measures were adopted, in order speedily to dispose of the dead. In Vienna, where for some time 1200 inhabitants died daily, the interment of corpses in the church-yards and within the churches, was forthwith prohibited; and the dead were then arranged in layers, by thousands, in six large pits outside the city, as had already been done in Cairo and Paris.

"In many places, it was rumoured that

+ According to Boerhaave, 100,000—according to Matt. Villani, three out of five.

plague patients were buried alive, as may sometimes happen through senseless alarm and indecent haste; and thus the horror of the distressed people was every where increased. In Erfurt, after the church-yards were filled, 12,000 corpses were thrown into eleven great pits; and the like might, more or less exactly, be stated with respect to all the larger cities. Funeral ceremonies, the last consolation of the survivors, were every where impracticable.

"In all Germany, according to a probable calculation, there seem to have died only 1,244,434 inhabitants; this country, however, was more spared than others: Italy, on the contrary, was most severely visited. It is said to have lost half its inhabitants; and this account is rendered credible from the immense losses of individual cities and provinces: for in Sardinia and Corsica, according to the account of the distinguished Florentine, John Villani, who was himself carried off by the Black Plague, scarcely a third part of the population remained alive; and it is related of the Venetians, that they engaged ships at a high rate to retreat to the islands; so that after the plague had carried off three fourths of her inhabitants, that proud city was left forlorn and desolate. In Padua, after the cessation of the plague, two thirds of the inhabitants were wanting; and in Florence it was prohibited to publish the numbers of the dead and to toll the bells at their funerals, in order that the living might not abandon themselves to despair."

Dr. Hecker seems inclined to attribute this fatal pestilence to the great revolutions in the organism of the earth, which preceded its appearance. Dr. Babington, however, well observes, "to assume causes of whose existence we have no proof, in order to account for effects which, after all, they do not explain, is making no real advance in knowledge—still, I regard the author's opinions, illustrated as they are by a series of interesting facts diligently collected from authentic sources, as, at least, worthy of examination before we reject them; and valuable, as furnishing extensive data on which to build new theories." We intend to confine ourselves to recording the facts so collected:—

"From China to the Atlantic, the foundations of the earth were shaken,—throughout Asia and Europe the atmosphere was in commotion, and endangered, by its baneful influence, both vegetable and animal life.

"The series of these great events began in the year 1333, fifteen years before the plague broke out in Europe: they first appeared in China. Here a parching drought, accompanied by famine, commenced in the tract of country watered by the rivers Kiang and Hoai. This was followed by such violent torrents of rain, in and about Kingsai, at that time the capital of the Empire, that, according to tradition, more than 400,000 people perished in the floods. Finally, the mountain Tsingcheou fell in, and vast clefts were formed in the earth. . . . A few months afterwards an earthquake followed, at and near Kingsai; and subsequent to the falling in of the mountains of Ki-ming-chan, a lake was formed of more than a hundred leagues in circumference, where, again, thousands found their grave. In Hou-kouang and Ho-nan, a drought prevailed for five months; and innumerable swarms of locusts destroyed the vegetation; while famine and pestilence, as usual, followed in their train. Connected accounts of the condition of Europe before this great catastrophe, are not to be expected from the writers of the fourteenth century. It is remarkable, however, that simultaneously with a drought and renewed floods in China, in 1336, many uncommon atmospheric phenomena, and in the winter frequent thunderstorms were observed

in the north of France; and so early as the eventful year of 1333, an eruption of Etna took place. . . . In 1338, Kingsai was visited by an earthquake of ten days duration; at the same time France suffered from a failure in the harvest; and thenceforth, till the year 1342, there was in China a constant succession of inundations, earthquakes, and famines. In the same year great floods occurred in the vicinity of the Rhine and in France, which could not be attributed to rain alone; for, everywhere, even on the tops of mountains, springs were seen to burst forth, and dry tracts were laid under water in an inexplicable manner. . . .

"The signs of terrestrial commotions commenced in Europe in the year 1348.

"On the island of Cyprus, the plague from the East had already broken out; when an earthquake shook the foundations of the island, and was accompanied by so frightful a hurricane, that the sea overflowed—the ships were dashed to pieces on the rocks, and few outlived the terrific event, whereby this fertile and blooming island was converted into a desert. Before the earthquake, a pestiferous wind spread so poisonous an odour, that many, being overpowered by it, fell down suddenly and expired in dreadful agonies.

"Pursuing the course of these grand revolutions further, we find notice of an unexampled earthquake, which, on the 25th of January, 1348, shook Greece, Italy, and the neighbouring countries. Naples, Rome, Pisa, Bologna, Padua, Venice, and many other cities suffered considerably: whole villages were swallowed up. Castles, houses, and churches, were overthrown, and hundreds of people were buried beneath their ruins. In Carinthia, thirty villages, together with all the churches, were demolished; more than a thousand corpses were drawn out of the rubbish; the city of Villach was so completely destroyed, that very few of its inhabitants were saved; and when the earth ceased to tremble, it was found that mountains had been moved from their positions, and that many hamlets were left in ruins. . . .

"These destructive earthquakes extended as far as the neighbourhood of Basle, and recurred until the year 1360, throughout Germany, France, Silesia, Poland, England, and Denmark, and much further north."

Having thus briefly referred to the natural phenomena which preceded this frightful pestilence, Dr. Hecker adverts to the moral consequences which followed. The fears, the mental agonies of the people, of course influenced them according to their several natures. "An awful sense of contrition seized Christians of every communion; they resolved to forsake their vices—to make restitution for past offences, before they were summoned hence—to seek reconciliation with their Maker, and to avert, by self-chastisement, the punishment due to their former sins."

The Brotherhood of the Flagellants, which at first consisted chiefly of persons of the lower classes, was now increased by many nobles and ecclesiastics—"They marched through the cities, in well-organized processions, with leaders and singers; their heads covered as far as the eyes; their look fixed on the ground, accompanied by every token of the deepest contrition and mourning. They were robed in sombre garments, with red crosses on the breast, back, and cap, and bore triple scourges, tied in three or four knots, in which points of iron were fixed. Tapers and magnificent banners of velvet and cloth of gold, were carried before them; wherever they made their appearance, they were welcomed by the ringing of the bells; and the people flocked from all quarters to listen to their hymns and to witness their penance, with devotion and tears."

But the most astounding and dreadful consequence, was the persecution of the Jews, who were accused of having caused the calamity, by poisoning the springs and wells, and infecting the air:—

"The persecution of the Jews, commenced in September and October, 1348, at Chillon, on the Lake of Geneva, where the first criminal proceedings were instituted against them, after they had long before been accused by the people of poisoning the wells; similar scenes followed in Bern and Freyburg, in January, 1349. . . .

"Already, in the autumn of 1348, a dreadful panic, caused by the supposed poisoning, seized all nations; and in Germany especially, the springs and wells were built over, that nobody might drink of them, or employ the water for culinary purposes; and for a long time, the inhabitants of numerous towns and villages, used only river and rain water. The city gates were also guarded with the greatest caution,—only confidential persons were admitted; and if medicine, or any other article which might be supposed to be poisonous, was found in the possession of a stranger,—and it was natural that some should have these things by them for their private use,—they were forced to swallow a portion of it. By this trying state of privation, distrust and suspicion, the hatred against the supposed poisoners became greatly increased, and often broke out in popular commotions, which only served still further to infuriate the wildest passions. The noble and the mean fearlessly bound themselves by an oath, to extirpate the Jews by fire and sword, and to snatch them from their protectors, of whom the number was so small, that throughout all Germany, but few places can be mentioned where these unfortunate people were not regarded as outlaws—martyred and burnt. Solemn summonses were issued from Bern to the towns of Basle, Freyburg in the Breisgau, and Strasburg, to pursue the Jews as poisoners. The Burgomasters and Senators, indeed, opposed this requisition; but in Basle the populace obliged them to bind themselves by an oath to burn the Jews, and to forbid persons of that community from entering their city for the space of two hundred years. Upon this, all the Jews in Basle, whose number could not be inconsiderable, were enclosed in a wooden building, constructed for the purpose, and burnt, together with it, upon the mere outcry of the people, without sentence or trial, which indeed would have availed them nothing. Soon after, the same thing took place at Freyburg. . . . Wherever the Jews were not burnt, they were at least banished; and so, being compelled to wander about, they fell into the hands of the country people, who, without humanity, and regardless of all laws, persecuted them with fire and sword. At Spire, the Jews, driven to despair, assembled at their own habitations, which they set on fire, and thus consumed themselves with their families. The few that remained, were forced to submit to baptism; while the dead bodies of the murdered, which lay about the streets, were put into empty wine casks, and rolled into the Rhine, lest they should infect the air. The mob was forbidden to enter the ruins of the habitations that were burnt in the Jewish quarter; for the senate itself caused search to be made for the treasure, which is said to have been very considerable. At Strasburg, two thousand Jews were burnt alive in their own burial ground, where a large scaffold had been erected: a few who promised to embrace Christianity, were spared, and their children taken from the pile. The youth and beauty of several females also excited some commiseration; and they were snatched from death against their will: many, however, who forcibly made their escape from the flames, were murdered in the streets."

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"In all the countries on the Rhine, these cruelties continued to be perpetrated during the succeeding months; and after quiet was in some degree restored, the people thought to render an acceptable service to God, by taking the bricks of the destroyed dwellings, and the tombstones of the Jews, to repair churches and to erect belfreys.

"In Mayence alone, 12,000 Jews are said to have been put to a cruel death. The Flagellants entered that place in August; the Jews, on this occasion, fell out with the Christians, and killed several; but when they saw their inability to withstand the increasing superiority of their enemies, and that nothing could save them from destruction, they consumed themselves and their families, by setting fire to their dwellings. Thus also, in other places, the entry of the Flagellants gave rise to scenes of slaughter; and as thirst for blood was everywhere combined with an unbridled spirit of proselytism, a fanatic zeal arose among the Jews, to perish as martyrs to their ancient religion. And how was it possible, that they could from the heart embrace Christianity, when its precepts were never more outrageously violated? At Eslingen, the whole Jewish community burned themselves in their synagogue; and mothers were often seen throwing their children on the pile, to prevent their being baptised, and then precipitating themselves into the flames."

We must now conclude our extracts from this interesting work. To our medical friends it will recommend itself, and we beg leave to recommend it to all others, as containing much curious information.

The Government of India. By Major-Gen. Sir John Malcolm. London: Murray.

An Historical Sketch of the Princes of India. By an Officer in the Service of the Hon. E. I. C. London: Smith, Elder & Co.

The experience and acknowledged ability of Sir John Malcolm will recommend his work to general attention; but we think it right to say of the anonymous publication, called the 'Historical Sketch of the Princes of India,' that it appears to us to contain a well-digested account of the origin, progress, and existing connexions between the East India government and the native Princes, and to be valuable to those who have neither time nor inclination to wade through more voluminous works. Both are deserving attentive consideration at a moment so eventful in all that relates to India.

An Outline of a Plan for a New Circulating Medium. By Gerard Graulhiä. London: Ridgway.

The writer proposes a very novel and extensive change in the monetary system of the world, by the introduction of *diamond money*.

Premising that diamonds contain all the properties of rarity and indestructibility, which form the valuable qualities of gold and silver; Mr. Graulhiä then proposes that the various precious stones should be mounted in frames, and stamped according to their value, as assayed by a board of jewellers. By this change, it is maintained, that an immense increase of money may be obtained from the stock of diamonds—now a dormant portion of the capital of the nation, and that for the higher transactions of commerce, a medium—thus containing large value in a small compass—would supersede the use of coin or bars of gold, the transmission of which is attended with great expense. The hardness of the substance of the diamond is also an advantage, affording an easy test for the prevention of counterfeit money.

Upon such subjects we merely report, leaving it to our readers to form their own opinions. We may, however, observe, that at the Russian mint, considerable quantities of coin have recently been formed from *platina*, which has hitherto preserved an exact medium between the value of gold and silver; and from the large quantities of this metal which are believed to exist in the Ural Mountains, the government of Russia is said to anticipate most beneficial consequences to the commerce of the empire.

The pamphlet is also curious, as containing much information upon the varieties and comparative value of precious stones.

Extracts from the Information received by His Majesty's Commissioners, as to the Administration and Operation of the Poor Laws. Published by Authority. London: Fellowes.

The Present State of the Poor Law Question, in Letters to the Marquess of Salisbury. By Charles Wetherell, M.A. London: Murray.

The first of these works contains a valuable body of evidence relating to this painful and perplexing subject. We confess, that whatever doubts we might heretofore have entertained, as to the beneficial operation of the Poor Laws, they have been greatly strengthened by the facts here collected; indeed, according to evidence, parish relief, eleemosynary aid, special grants from government, soup societies, benevolent societies, visiting societies, all tend to create misery, instead of removing it; their combined operation is humorously pointed out by the Rev. William Stone, in the history of an improvident Spital Fields Weaver—who is *born for nothing—nursed for nothing—clothed for nothing—educated for nothing—apprenticed for nothing—physicked for nothing*; and who has his children *also born, nursed, clothed, fed, educated, established, and physicked for nothing*, and yet dies a parish pauper, and must be *buried for nothing*; and this, he declares, is an ordinary and not an extraordinary case; and he speaks from an intimate knowledge of the workings of the system.

Mr. Wetherell's pamphlet takes a view of the subject in reference to agricultural districts: is an able commentary; and may be read with advantage.

ORIGINAL PAPERS

OCEANIDES. No. III.

THE BURDEN OF THE SEA.

ISRAÏAH, XXIII.

By Mrs. Fletcher, (Late Miss Jewsbury.)

THE sea hath spoken! Hear, O Earth!

Where everlasting hills arise;

And all the host of heaven, stand forth;

Together with the crystal skies;—

And thou—world's curse and blessing—MAN,

Creating, desolating all

That mind may gather in its span—

Stand forth, and bear a mightier thrall!

"I am thy prophet—puny world,

'Tis God himself that speaks by me!

By me, his wrath is oftenest hurled;

Hear, then, the vision of the sea:

Ye talk of kingdoms and of kings,

Of fleets to triumph o'er me, born,

Know—that my weeds are mightier things,

And laugh you in my depths to scorn.

"Famed cities with their harbours strong:

Where now is Tyre? and Zidon where?

I made their power, and I have rung

Their knell, upon the mountains bare:

The merchant and the mariner,

In purple clothed, and sage with skill,

Looked on me as their Servitor—

They found I had a master's will.

"Old Ninus never dared my frown;
Nor Belus, gorgeous power and bold;
Wise Egypt dared—and, overthrown,
Her hosts lie gathered in my fold.

As ocean, or as inland sea,
By golden Ind or Grecian isle,
I mock at man—the same to me
The royal fleet, the pirate vile.

"I bear them to their port of rest—
How loud their vaunts of lordly pride!
Like foam I dash them from my breast—
How cruel then my waters wide!

Yet am I one, or calm or heaving,
The changing, yet the changeless sea;
And victor, vanquished—joyous, grieving—
But one, is mortal man to me.

"The billows that engulf a fleet
And desolate a thousand homes,
The sea-bird skims with careless feet;
The nautilus securely roams;
I know not little, know not great—
Earth hath for me nor friend nor foe:
To me God never gave a mate;
The hollow of his hand I know.

"I work his will—a spirit bland,
A gentle minister of good;—
Or scatter death from land to land,
And make a burial place my flood.
Of myriad navies, myriad hosts,
I have the wrecks beneath my waves;—
Call ye them trophies?—idle boasts!
They match the coral of my caves.

"Vaunt on, proud creatures, formed of clay,
Subdue, and build, and desolate;
And grave in brass from day to day
Your strength, your glory, and your state;
March through your lands from east to west,
And be like Lucifer's your will;
But I am God's—and on my breast
Veil that high look—be meek—be still."

EXHIBITION OF THE SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS.

[Third Notice.]

WE are not of those who think this the very best collection of works of art which the Society of British Artists have yet exhibited; neither do we agree with those who reckon it one of the worst. We miss, at the first glance, the presence of all startling or commanding pictures; and we also miss some first-rate names among the exhibitors: but we soon feel that the absence of such men as Roberts and Burnet is something like compensated for by the accession of Chambers, and Pynce, and Cooper; and that, in the pictures, the charms, which all have agreed to admire, are abundant—viz. quiet elegance, unobtrusive grace, and nature freshly copied from field and cottage. We are satisfied, too, that the public entertains a similar opinion: some eighty pictures and odd have been disposed of by the Secretary, and among these we are glad to see not a few of the fine natural landscapes of Wilson, and various others with which we were pleased when we wrote our first notice. This, however, must be in some measure attributed to the small and portable size of the pictures themselves, for no one will purchase what he cannot find room for.

We shall now proceed to notice some of those works of which we think favourably.—4. In the absence of Roberts, who is wandering, pencil in hand, through Spain, we are glad to see the *Remains of the Palace of la Reine Blanche, Paris*, from the hand of HOLLAND: true picturesque effect is well supported amid architectural detail. 20. *The Colt's Tooth*, is well painted, but too broadly conceived: there is a delicacy to be observed in all things, and most in painting and sculpture. 25. *A Mill at Amiens*, is from the hand of JOHN WILSON: the outer wheel turn-

ing round amid a descent of foaming water is nature itself: in such scenes the imagination has to be quiet, and leave the whole to the hand and eye. 54. *Of Eton College by Moonlight*, much the same may be said as of the 'Mill of Amiens'; there is less vigour perhaps in CHILDE than in John Wilson, but there is a close observance of nature. 48. This picture is by LILLEY, and represents with some skill and feeling a child fondling a rabbit. 61, *The Lake of Lugano*, is from the hand of LINTON, and is worthy of his name; the scene is tranquil and lovely: the fisherman's net dropped, and half-sinking on the surface of the water, is in his best manner. He is, however, a little too surly and showy. 65, *Lambeth Church*, is another picture by CHILDE: it is as true to the scene as nature itself: we have often admired the original, and longed to see it handled by an artist. 69, *Evening*, has been often painted: but a man of an original turn of mind always sees something new and peculiar in all he looks at: though not equal to some evenings which we have seen, both in art and nature, this, by HOFLAND, is nevertheless beautiful, and will stand comparison with most of the landscapes in the collection. 74. We do not well know what you mean, friend INSKIPP, by calling this picture a *Girl disturbed with her Pet*—she seems not at all disturbed: it is, however, a beautiful and characteristic work, with perhaps a little too much of the "berry brown" in the hue of the girl's neck. 110. BENTLEY has looked closely to nature in this *Scene near Shipley, Yorkshire*, nor has he failed in communicating a good deal of what he looked on to his canvas. 133, *Scene on the French Coast*, is from the pencil of WILSON: the ship, the sea, the seamen, and the sea-fowl, have found many admirers, for all are sensible of the merits of what is naturally painted. Nor is 125, *A Coast Scene, with figures*, by SHAYER, unworthy of being named when natural representations are commended: the landscapes are, in general, superior to the compositions exhibiting human character; but the branch of a tree and water are perhaps less difficult to delineate than passion or feeling. *The Dark-eyed Brunette*, 164, has been praised by many critics; she has a sly fortune-telling air about her, and both conception and colour are to the credit of WYATT. 167, *The Oriental Letter*, is from the hand of a lady, MRS. HAKEWELL; it is, in its nature, poetic, and very prettily painted: the heroine of the scene is contemplating a small wreath of flowers, which convey a mystical meaning in the affairs of the heart. 176 represents a rustic Narcissus leaning over the rude rail of a village bridge, and admiring his shadow in the water: both the scene and the character are well painted; they are from the hand of the Rev. MR. JUDKIN. 189, *A Trout Stream in Wales*, is handled with the taste and zeal of one acquainted with the noble art of angling: we are not ourselves unskilful; and a desire came over us as we looked, to set our rod and tackle in order, and, with a box of flies, to suit the varying hues of the season, make a descent for a week upon this Welsh brook, with CRESWICK, its painter, for our companion. 202, *Italian Boy, painted at Rome*. HURLSTONE might have painted this picture anywhere else in Italy; but, perhaps, he desires to intimate, that he has been in the Eternal City; we like his shrewdness, and prophecy success. The picture reminds us of the 'Piping Shepherd Boy' of Reynolds; it is well-imagined and well-painted, and, with *The Archer Boy*, from the same hand, raises high expectations of future fame. 228. LEE has painted this *View on the Hamble Water* with great happiness and effect: the disturbed and broken water looks so liquid, that we almost listen for the sound. 245, *Return from Market*, by CLATER, is a picture which few will fail to understand: a mother walks by the side of an ass whose pan-

niers she has balanced by putting her son on one side, and her purchases on the other, while her dog, weary and warm with the journey, gladly laps water at a little clear fountain by the way side. 258 represents a water-fall in North Wales; the whole scene is peculiar: the stream is coloured by the reflection of the grove; the banks are rocky and wild, and nature is every where strongly impressed. It is from the pencil of MARSHALL. 270 is *Pike Pool in Beresford Dale, Derbyshire*, and claims the farther merit of having been drawn on the spot. Those who desire to know more of this scene than what the painter has given may turn to Walton and Cotton's *Complete Angler*, where they will find that young Isaac Walton drew the whole in "black and white." The delineation of young Walton has perished, and this, by INSKIPP, is worthy of supplying its place: why did he not, in the spirit of Old Isaac, cause one of his "bonny brown" damsels to sing a song or take out lunch to the exhausted anglers? 309, *The Gipsy's Corner*, is a lucky hit: ALLEN cannot but be well acquainted with the looks and habits of these roving gentry; here he has painted them cleverly; forgetting nothing which pertains to them, and setting nothing down in malice. 336, *Feeding Time*. Here is a feeder with a face like the moon, ruddy and round: a clean white napkin tucked under a double line of chin, a desecrating mouth, and a hand alert at conveying the choicest viands to the gaping orifice. The whole face is radiant with delight: we have ourselves seen such visions at table, and can attest the accuracy of this delineation by BASS. 423, *The Inconstant*, is from the hand of INSKIPP, who has succeeded in so many works, that he can afford to fail in one or two—if he had called this picture the *Forsaken*, the name would have fitted about as well. 435 is a *Bacchante*; we always wish to encourage poetic attempts: it is, however, difficult to do aught with this exhausted subject; Mr. BOADEN has done much, but not, we fear, enough. There are many little pictures of merit besides those alluded to, which we have not leisure to particularize: we may, however, mention 446, by DAVIS, 452 by FANNY CORBAUX, 472 by WATTS. In the Water-colour Room, we found some excellent productions both from nature and fancy: there are some good portraits by M'CLISE, and better still by Mrs. ROBERTSON, with an illustration of Hogg's 'Kilmenny,' by MARTIN, in which the landscape is admirable, Little peaceful heavens in the bosom of earth.

Into the Sculpture Room we entered with reluctance, for immediately before us, we saw the heavy Mercury of Rossi, and the busts of Rowland Hill and Lord Chancellor Brougham, by Papworth and Harper. We mentioned in our first notice, two admirable little heads in marble, by Weekes and Moore; in addition to these, there is a bust of Sheridan Knowles by M'DOWALL, which reminds us of the heads by Chantrey—it is true to character, and a good work of art. Pitt's is not so happy as usual: who cares for his version of the outrage of the Centaurs at the marriage of Pirithous and Hippodamia? Ovid has already satisfied us; and if we desire more, we can look at the Elgin marbles.

OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP ON LITERATURE AND ART.

WE hear that works of Art will be less numerous in the Royal Academy Exhibition than usual, but we know not how to reconcile this to the more than usual bustle at the door of the Academy on Tuesday last. Till twelve o'clock at night, and even later, pictures and pieces of sculpture came pouring and crowding in; among the latter were some of the productions of Lough, and also

of an Irish genius of the name of Hogan, now in Rome, studying at the expense of the Dublin Academy; his contribution is a Christ, in marble, laid out in the sepulchre. Chantrey, we are told, sends a marble bust of the Princess Louise, belonging to the collection of the Queen, and a statue of Mountstuart Elphinstone, late Governor of Bombay; Westmacott, it is feared, contributes nothing—and no wonder, for we never saw a gallery less suitable for the reception of pieces of sculpture. The pictures are very numerous; one half more are generally sent than room can be found for. Wilkie is strong this year; so is Leslie; Allan sends a *Death of David Rizio*, which we hope will surpass that by Opie; this subject has been often painted. Scott meditating in the Rymer's Glen, by Edwin Landseer, will no doubt command a good place, for it is a fine picture; the lovers too of landscape, imaginary and real, will find much to please them in Turner, Calcott, Constable, and Collins. In short, we suspect that the forthcoming Exhibition, abounding less in what is called commissions than formerly, will be more plentiful in works of poetic feeling and fancy; let no one dread a falling off in portraiture, the vanity of human nature will keep the market glutted.

Literature has none of the annual bustle incident to Art; we have, however, slight periodical pulsations, such as those at the end of the month, when the magazines come forth, or when the reviews appear. We have this week received new numbers of the *Quarterly*, the *Westminster*, the *Dublin University*, the *American Monthly Review*, and the *Knickerbocker*. The two first, as old acquaintances, may rest on their character, and the assurance that they are welcome—although the article on Tennyson in the *Quarterly* is strangely provocative of comment. No sane man imagines that Tennyson is the Homer which the *Westminster* affected to believe; but he has much fine poetry about him; and if we are to give the name of poets only to those whose works are illustrated by Turner and Calcott, then Wordsworth is no poet, neither is Wilson. Admiration in matters of poetry is often a fashion: Addison wrote Milton into reputation; and Rowe almost discovered Shakespeare—"think of that, Master Brooke."—The *Dublin University Review*, however, is as a young and gentle thing, and though introduced with becoming formality on its first appearance, we think it well to acknowledge, that this second number more than justifies the promise of the first—there is, as there should be, an article by the Provost himself. The 'Account of an Unpublished Translation of Anacreon,' and 'Hære Subsecivæ,' are both curious: the article on Comets is, we suspect, by one of the most eminent of living men of science. The reviews of 'Qanoon-e-Islam,' and the 'Customs and Manners of the Women of Persia,' are by one well acquainted with his subjects; that on 'Stephens on the Blood,' is a very clever, though a little one-sided and savage. There is much that is delightful in the review of Taylor's *Cowper*; and 'The Dream of the Broken Heart,' by Carlton, will beguile many of their tears. The number is, indeed, full of valuable matter, but the arrangement is rather Irish; that is to say, there is no arrangement at all.—The *Knickerbocker* improves—there is more variety in this number, and some

very good articles. We confess, that originality is always pleasant to us, in its weakness as in its strength; as a genuine American work, we think our book societies would act wisely in adding it to their list of periodicals. The *American Monthly Review* is, as a stranger, welcome; it is rather serious, but sound and good.

Herold's French opera 'Zampa,' will be given next week by the German company; it is considered an effective drama, and the music, quite of the Auber school, is full of gay melodies.—Pixis the pianiste, who first accompanied Sontag to this country, is just arrived, *on dit* with another *protégée*, a contralto singer.—Malibran is daily expected to fulfil her engagement at Drury-lane, and not at the King's Theatre, as stated in the daily papers. We believe that she will sing first in Bellini's 'Somnambule,' translated expressly for the occasion.

SCIENTIFIC AND LITERARY

WESTMINSTER MEDICAL SOCIETY.

Mr. Delafons, on Saturday week, read a paper on the danger and impropriety attending the perpendicular extraction of teeth.

In the subsequent discussion, some remarks were made on the supposed influence of "Anodyne Cements," "Mineral Succedanea," and other popular panaceæ in Dental Surgery. The author of the paper strongly reprobated their use, and instanced some marked cases where great mischief had been done by such applications.

On Saturday last, "Gun Shot Wounds" was the subject of debate, in connexion with the case of Mr. Stapylton, who was some time since wounded in a duel by General Moore. Dr. Johnson stated, that although the ball still remained in his *lung*, he was quite well. From this and similar instances, he, with other members, thought it desirable to trust more to nature than to *art*, unless the ball can be extracted with facility.—Dr. Gilkrest mentioned the singular fact, that although he had been twenty-four years in the army, had served during the whole of the Peninsular Campaign, and witnessed almost every species of military surgery, yet he did not recollect one instance of *bayonet wound*: thus proving, that however fierce we may imagine "the charges" of infantry to be, yet they seldom came to close combat.

Dr. King will read a paper on Hydrophobia, at the next meeting.

HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY.

April 2.—A summary of the meteorological observations made in the garden of the Society during the year 1832, was communicated to the members. The average temperature of the last season, was stated to have been nearly a degree above the usual mean of the climate of London, with the exception of the months of April and May, in which vegetation received a check too forcible for the succeeding warmth completely to counteract. In August, the mean temperature was higher than usual, by nearly 3°.

The exhibition included specimens of the *Acacia dealbata*, grown in the open air by the Rev. Mr. Garnier, of Winchester; *Camellias*, *Epacris*, and other flowers from Messrs. Chandlers; four extremely fine cucumbers from R. H. Cox, Esq., grown according to the method published by his gardener; seedling rhododendrons, some very beautiful azaleas, and an improved garden engine, from J. H. Palmer, Esq.

Notice was given, that the first of the proposed exhibitions of flowers, would take place at the garden of the Society, on the 25th of May,

a sufficient number of subscriptions having been received for the purpose, to enable the Committee to carry the plan into execution.

John Hodgson, Esq., Joshua Evans, Esq., and John Taylor, Esq., were elected Fellows of the Society.

ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

April 9.—J. C. Cox, Esq., in the chair.—The secretary read a letter from Dr. Andrew Smith, a corresponding member of the Society, dated Algoa Bay, containing various Zoological remarks and references, and describing valuable additions made to his own extensive collection, during a lengthened journey in the interior. A new antelope from Mr. Stedman's collection was exhibited, in reference to which Mr. Ogilby made some remarks; and the same gentleman afterwards pointed out the generic peculiarities of another new animal, allied to the civets and *Paradoxuri*. Colonel Sykes read some observations, on the causes of colour in the cuticle, and its productions; illustrating the subject by references to the feathers of birds, and also to a preserved foetal leopard, which displayed, in miniature, all the characteristic and beautiful markings peculiar to the species.

Mr. Bennett exhibited a new species of mammalia, and also a beautiful drawing of it, executed by Mr. Lear.

MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

MON.	{	Phrenological Society	Eight, P.M.
	{	Medical Society	Eight, P.M.
TUES.	{	Linnean Society	Eight, P.M.
	{	Horticultural Society	One, P.M.
	{	Institution of Civil Engineers	Eight, P.M.
WED.	{	Geological Society	P. 8, P.M.
	{	Society of Arts	past 7, P.M.
	{	Royal Society of Literature	Three, P.M.
TH.	{	Royal Society	P. 8, P.M.
	{	Society of Antiquaries	Eight, P.M.
FRI.	{	Royal Institution	P. 8, P.M.
SAT.	{	Royal Asiatic Society	Two, P.M.
	{	Westminster Medical Society	Eight, P.M.

MUSIC

KING'S THEATRE.

THE incomplete state of the Italian company, partly owing to the non-arrival of additional forces from Paris and elsewhere, precluded the possibility of an Italian Opera being given on Tuesday; in such an emergency the manager had recourse to the Germans, and produced Beethoven's 'Fidelio.' Had we not witnessed the representation of this opera last year, we might have been satisfied on Tuesday; but the present company is many degrees inferior, and we cannot avoid the comparison. We wish some kind friend would advise Mad. Pirscher not to force her voice, and thereby sing quite so sharp—her conception of the part of *Leonora* was good, and her acting throughout little inferior to Devrient's, but where she attempts to be energetic, her intonation is incorrect: this fault is the more conspicuous in the finale of the second act, where the soprano part is continually on E, F, G, and A.—The simplicity of the canon for four voices, and the exquisite treatment of the accompaniments in figurative counterpoint,—the deep feeling in the Prisoners' chorus—and the sublime combinations of voices and instruments in the last finale, produced their usual effect, and, to the credit, be it said, of an English audience, were encored with loud acclamations. There are endless beauties in this splendid opera which can only be appreciated by those deeply skilled in the science, yet the high excellence of the grand outline must be acknowledged by all who have any right feeling for the art. The orchestra executed the music with spirit and precision, under the direction of Hummel—yet the accompaniments to several pieces were sometimes overpowering.

THEATRICALS

DRURY-LANE.

AT this house the custom of producing what is called an Easter piece has been dropped. There has been so much of pomp and spectacle here for a long time past, that unless something very new and attractive had been at hand, we do not know that the management has not acted wisely in saving the expense. At all events, we have no business with its arrangements beyond that of stating the fact. Those who do not care about an Easter piece will not miss it, and those who do must go to Covent Garden to find one. The performances on Monday were 'Robert the Devil,' and 'The Maid of Cashmere,' in the latter of which pieces Madlle. Augusta was favourably received as a substitute for Madlle. Duvernay. The latter young lady we hope again to see, and there can be little doubt that we shall do so. She is certainly one of the most pleasing of that light-feathered tribe who have their rookery at the Académie Royale de Musique in Paris, and who spend the spring of their lives in crossing the channel, picking up materials, and winging their way back to make their nests comfortable at home.

COVENT GARDEN.

AFTER 'The Hunchback' on Monday, a new serio-comic legendary fairy tale, called 'The Elfin Sprite and the Grim Grey Woman' was produced, to regale the holiday children of all sizes; and regale those who were there it certainly did, for it is perhaps the most agreeable of its class since 'Peter Wilkins,' of pleasant memory. The plot of a piece of this description can never be of sufficient interest to those who don't mean to see it, to render a detail necessary; and it would be a pity to deprive it of any interest it may be found to possess for those who do, by anticipation. All concerned in the representation did their best—Mr. Keeley, in particular, who was extremely amusing, and who will be much more so when he is relieved from a severe attack of rheumatism, under which he at present labours. His gallop over hill and dale, gate and fence, ditch and stream, accompanied by his unwelcome guest, the *Grim Grey Woman*, who will ride behind him until she finally spills him into a quagmire, and runs away with his nag, is really a capital bit of fun. The machinery and tricks are in the best style of Covent Garden, long established as the theatre in which such matters are best managed. We could quarrel with the management, or the author, or whoever is father to the fault, for the views on the Rhine not being genuine. If there were not scenes upon that beautiful river fully equal to any of those which fiction has produced in the present instance; and if those scenes were not the very head-quarters of legendary tales, it would be a different thing; but where truth is to be had superior even to fiction, we can imagine no excuse for its being disregarded. We have no other fault to find; for the execution of the scenery is excellent. The painting of the Grand Tapestry Chamber is admirable. The arrangement of the Magic Stairs and Elfin Ladder is also as new as it is good. The Flight of Fairies, in the last scene, gives a lively and tasteful finish to this Easter show, which possesses an ample variety to please the eyes without being deficient in a fair proportion of broad fun to gratify the ear.

Madame Vestris and Mr. Power made their re-appearances at this theatre on Tuesday, in Mr. Morton's highly entertaining farce of 'The Invincibles.' They were both cordially received by a good audience; and, thus reinforced, the farce went with all the freshness of a first performance.

On Wednesday, this establishment (one of the two great national theatres, which are constantly complaining of the decline of the drama, and constantly kicking themselves behind, for fear they should not go down the hill fast enough,) aimed another blow at its respectability, by the production of Mr. Henry Wallack's black servant in the character of *Othello*—*Othello* forsooth!!! *Othello*, almost the master-work of the master-mind—a part, the study of which occupied, perhaps, years of the life of the elegant and classical Kemble; a part, which the fire and genius of Kean have, of late years, made his exclusive property; a part, which it has been considered a sort of theatrical treason for any one less distinguished than these two variously but highly gifted individuals to attempt; and this is to be personated in an English national theatre, by one whose pretensions rest upon the two grounds of his face being of a natural instead of an acquired tint, and of his having lived as servant to a low-comedy actor. It is truly monstrous; and if (to quote our own remarks of the week before last,) Miss Ellen Tree's beautiful and touching personation of the gentle *Desdemona*, was enough "to win a nod of approbation from Shakspeare's statue," assuredly, this is sufficient to make his indignant bones kick the lid from his coffin. We have no ridiculous prejudice against any fellow creature, because he chances to be of a different colour from ourselves; and we trust, that we have good taste enough, to take our hats off to genius, wherever we find it; but we are, on the other hand, altogether above the twaddle of helping the drama to bear an indignity of this nature, merely that foreigners may laugh in their sleeves at us, while we quote this silly exhibition as a proof of England's being "the stranger's home." Mr. Aldridge, formerly calling himself, we believe, Mr. Keene, and now distinguished by the appellation of "The African Roscius," is really an extraordinary person; for it is extraordinary, that under all the circumstances, a natural quickness and aptitude for imitation, should enable him to get through such a part as *Othello*, with so little of positive offence, as he does. But there it ends. Looking to his birth, parentage, and education, nothing short of inspiration could possibly make him a fit delineator of Shakspeare's *Othello*; and this is an extent, to which it is not very likely that Providence would choose to go, to produce such a result. That Providence has not done so in this instance, will be amply evident to those who do not permit their judgment to be run away with by that which we have admitted to be extraordinary; who do not let their hands get the start of their heads, nor suffer a false feeling of compassion for the individual, to supply the place of sound and unbiassed opinion. It is impossible that Mr. Aldridge should fully comprehend the meaning and force of even the words he utters, and accordingly, the perpetual recurrence of false emphasis, whenever his memory, as to his original, fails him, shows distinctly that he does not. In the name of common sense, we enter our protest against a repetition of this outrage. In the name of propriety and decency, we protest against an interesting actress and lady-like girl, like Miss Ellen Tree, being subjected by the manager of a theatre to the indignity of being pawed about by Mr. Henry Wallack's black servant; and finally, in the name of consistency, if this exhibition is to be continued, we protest against acting being any longer dignified by the name of art.

HAYMARKET THEATRE.

Mr. Morris, as well as Mr. Arnold, has availed himself, on the first possible day, of his extended licence. Operations commenced here on Monday last. One novelty is all that we

have at present to report upon, but that one is worth a dozen of the common run of farces. It is, in truth, a production of the most lively, pleasant, and humorous description. Mr. Buckstone is, we are informed, the author, and we are happy in having again to congratulate this quaint and clever actor on his well-merited success in the former capacity. We can, most conscientiously, recommend 'Open House, or, The Twin Sisters,' to all those who wish for, and can properly enjoy, an hour's uninterrupted merriment, when it proceeds from smart, clever writing, aided by excellent acting. It is played admirably throughout. The author has well fitted everybody for whom he has worked; and this is clearly proved by the ease with which they walk about in their respective parts. Mrs. Glover, in *Mrs. Matcher*, a shrewd, bustling, worldly-minded woman, on the look-out to provide for her twin-daughters—Mrs. Honey and Miss Vincent as the twins—Mr. Frederick Vining and Mr. Brindal as the two lovers; the former, a young barrister, somewhat rhapsodical in his orations; the latter, more matter of fact, trying to keep his friend to his point—Mr. Webster, as a sort of house dog, under the name of cousin *Todd*, whom everybody bullies—Mr. Buckstone himself in the servant, and Mr. Cooper and Mr. Strickland, in minor parts, were all—all that they ought to be. The characters are those of every day life, with only so much of exaggeration as is allowable, and even necessary, for the stage. In short, if space were permitted us, we could go on for half an hour in praise of this highly entertaining and unexceptionable farce. We again recommend every body to see it; and conclude with a repetition of our just compliment to Mr. Buckstone for his very entertaining work, and a just addition to that compliment, for the praiseworthy modesty which he always shows in the parts which he selects out of his own pieces for himself. Few author-actors, having the law in their own hands, could resist the pardonable weakness of helping themselves to more than they could do well. Mr. Buckstone appears invariably to give himself less.

ENGLISH OPERA—ADELPHI.

Mr. Arnold is still a lodger; and being consequently subject to all the inconveniences of the lodging state, his friends must not, when they visit him, expect to be so commodiously provided for, as they will be when he has again a mansion of his own, which, we hope, will be before the end of the present year, or, at furthest, soon after the commencement of the next. Still, entertainment is of more consequence than mere lodging, and he is making arrangements to furnish the former for his guests as quickly as he can. The call to commence at Easter has been somewhat sudden; and the only novelty as yet produced, is a musical drama, called 'Philip of Anjou.' This was presented on Monday last—the opening night. The story on which this piece is founded, was originally translated from the Danish, by Miss Corbett, who subsequently dramatized it for the Edinburgh Theatre, where it was performed for some time with considerable success. The present production, as well as the music introduced in it, is from the pen of Mr. Charles Martyn, a gentleman who lately made his *début* as a singer at Drury Lane. He has thus put himself before the town, as actor, singer, composer, and author. We have not seen him in the two former capacities; but he was well reported of. In the two latter, as at present developed, we can only accord him a middling degree of praise. If, however, neither the piece nor the music possesses any great attraction, both are sufficiently agreeable, and certainly both were favourably received by the audience. The present additions to the old company, (deservedly a favourite one, and sure

to remain so, while it includes Messrs. Wrench, O. Smith, Reeve, and Miss Kelly,) are Mr. Williams, from the Haymarket Theatre, Mrs. Griffiths, from the country, and Miss Murray, Mr. Wyman, and Miss Pettifer, from the Olympic.

ADELPHI THEATRE.

THIS house closed on Saturday week. An address was delivered by Mr. Yates, which was very well received; and the performances of the evening, being all established favourites, went off, so as to leave the audience nothing to regret but the one fact of its being the last night. The season has been, we believe, a prosperous one; and the success which the management has again met with, has been, we are happy to say, again well deserved. There is a great deal of talent in the company, and it has been brought forward, generally speaking, with the happiest effect. There has been no lack of novelties, and no lack of the exertion necessary, to give them the best chance. While this system is pursued, there can be no reason to doubt a continuance of the only patronage worth having, that of the *pay-going* part of the public.

OLYMPIC THEATRE.

THE last Saturday before Passion Week, brought with it, as usual, a quietus for six months for this favoured little box of amusement. Mr. Liston, Madame Vestris, Mrs. Orger, and, indeed, all concerned in the representation of the pieces which were given, seemed to exert themselves to the utmost, to make the audience look beyond the close of the present season; and the heartiness with which that portion of the farewell address, spoken by Madame Vestris, which alluded to the re-opening of her theatre, was applauded, showed, distinctly, that their exertions were not thrown away. The address itself, was a sort of parody on the King's speech, and in it, Madame, as Queen of the Olympic, was made to prorogue the house until Monday the 30th of September next, in due form. It was delivered with great humour, by the manageress, and received with good humour by the house. The good policy of a classification of theatres, by which the public may know beforehand, when they select one for an evening's visit, the exact sort of performances which they are going to see, is well shown by the success which, night after night, and season after season, attends this theatre, the Adelphi, and Astley's. These three have had the good sense to classify themselves, and the good taste to let well alone. They are, consequently, the three most, perhaps the three *only* constantly money-getting concerns in the theatrical market. There is a praise of a higher order due to the management of the establishment of which we are more immediately writing, (and this is not said in any spirit of detraction from the others,) a praise which has been freely accorded to it by the higher orders in this country, who have given the best proof of their sincerity, by occupying the private boxes to an extent unparalleled in theatrical annals. We allude to the strict attention to propriety and decorum, and the rigid abstinence from any thing and every thing which might stain public amusement with a blush. The truth of this remark does not rest on our authority alone. It is attested by the unvarying support which the establishment has received from the respectable portion of the public press.

MISCELLANEA

Funeral of Ternaux.—[Paris Correspondent.]—Immense crowds attended yesterday (4th of April) the funeral of Ternaux, one of the most respected men in France. He was born at Sedan in 1763, and succeeded in making an immense fortune, which, like Lafitte's, crumbled

to pieces in consequence of the shock given by the revolution of July 1830. It was even whispered, that he had hastened the term of his existence. Ternaux not only perfected the manufacture of cloth, but originated many kinds, especially that of cashmere, which have become important articles of French production. He had establishments all over France; and Bonaparte, who always asked, whose fabric was this? whose improvements were those? exclaimed, that he found Ternaux's name echoed in every department of the empire. Ternaux died at the chateau of St. Ouen, famed as the property and residence of Necker, and as such mentioned by his daughter, De Staël. Charles Dupin, was appropriately chosen to speak his funeral oration. Tissot and Blanqui, as well as one of Ternaux's apprentices, also uttered discourses to the multitude that filled the cemetery. Notwithstanding the rain, there were hundreds of carriages and thousands of people. The gay *Longchamps* itself was deserted for Ternaux's funeral.

Spanish Subscription to Scott's Monument.—A second list, containing subscriptions from Madrid, Barcelona, Alicante, and Malaga, appears in *La Revista Española* of the 22nd of March, and amounts to seventy pounds.

The Water-colour Exhibitions.—The twentieth exhibition of the Society of Painters in Water-colours, will open on Monday the 22nd; the private view is fixed for the previous Saturday.—The second Exhibition of the works of the Associated Painters in Water-colours, will open to the public on Monday: to-day is the private view. "The degree of interest that is felt," say the Committee of Management of the latter Society, "in the most exalted and influential portion of society, for the successful cultivation and improvement of an art, universally acknowledged to owe its perfection to British genius, is sufficiently evidenced by the royal and noble patronage with which this Association has been honoured: and it is under these highly favourable auspices that the promoters of the Exhibition presume respectfully to solicit the encouragement of those who may feel anxious for the prosperity of an institution, founded as this avowedly is, on truly liberal principles." The Queen, the Duke of Devonshire, Earl Fitzwilliam, and the Bishop of Winchester, are numbered among the patrons of this meritorious association: its best claims, however, to public attention, will be in the variety and beauty of the pictures exhibited.

Unrolling Mummies.—This took place on Saturday last at the Charing Cross Hospital, the result as usual—nothing. One, from the high temperature at which the bituminous matter had been applied, was nearly carbonized; the other was in good preservation; and from parts, if not the whole, of the body having been gilt, it was supposed to have been that of some person of rank.

Account of the Obsequies of Henry II. King of France, as celebrated at the Cathedral Church of St. Paul, London, 1559.—The court mournings, on the death of foreign sovereigns, were held formerly with very considerable state, as is clear from the account of the expenses incurred in the year 1559, by Queen Elizabeth, on the death of Henry II. of France, who was killed in a tournament at Paris. The account seems the more singular, from the difference of religion of the two sovereigns; and that it was no mass that was performed in a Catholic chapel, but a funeral service in a Protestant cathedral, and with the attendance of a hearse and all the accompaniments of a real funeral. The title of the account is—

"The obsequy of the victorious Prince Henry,

† Extracted from the proceedings of the Commissioners on the Public Records.

the French King, kept in the Cathedral Church of Saynte Paule, in London, the Fridaye and Saturdaye, that is to saye, the vijth and ix daies of Septembre, 1559."

It commences with the cloth for Iyveries for the mourners and their servants;—viz. the Lord Treasurer and twelve servants; Lords William Hawarde, Hunsdon, Scroope, Darcy, Dacres, Burgavenny, and Cobham, with six servants each; Sir Richard Sakeville, Sir Edward Warner, Sir William Seynklowe, and Sir Charles Hawarde; the Archbishop of Canterbury; the Bishops of London, Hereford, and Chichester; the French Ambassador, and the various other officers of the household. The hearse was garnished with a large quantity of black sarsenett, velvet, and fringe, besides much more of the same materials expended on the "majestic of the hearse."

There are also charges for the several banners, banner-rolles, and gencells, with coats of arms, &c., a helmet, mantlelets, and a sword, and for covering the cathedral with black.

The Deane of Paules agreed with as well for the duties of the Church as rewards to verger *h. s. d.* and bellringer. xliiij vi viij Item for the hire of the hearse. iv

Then follows the "charge of the dyett for the mourners and other officers for the same obsequie on Frydaie, at nyght void, and Saturdaye dynner, kepte at the B. of London's Palace."

Amongst these charges are for 1 pipe of ale, 2 hogsheds of beer, 49 gallons of wine at xvid. the gallon, and 1 gallon of sacke xviijd.

The fruit consisted of 500 paxes, 34 bunches of grapes, 100 peaches, 1 bushel of damsons, 1 pecke of barberries, besides dates, prunes, sugar, spices, &c. and 1 gallon of rosewater.

A considerable quantity of fish of various sorts, but there is no charge for any meat.

The sum total of the expenses attendant upon this ceremony was 799l. 10s. 10½d.

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL

Days of W. & Mon.	Thermom. Max. Min.	Baromet. Noon.	Winds.	Weather.
Th. 4	63 42	29.53	SE to S.W.	Shrs.
Fri. 5	62 41	Stat.	N.W.	Clear.
Sat. 6	63 35	29.60	S.W.	Ditto.
Sun. 7	64 35	Stat.	S.E.	Clear, P.M.
Mon. 8	62 34	29.50	N.E.	Ditto.
Tues. 9	55 40	Stat.	S.W.	Cloudy.
Wed. 10	57 39	29.85	W.	Shrs.

Prevailing Clouds.—Cumulostratus, Cumulus, Cirrostratus.

Mean temperature of the week, 40° 5'. Greatest variation, 30°.

Mean atmospheric pressure, 29.66°.

Nights fair except Wednesday; mornings fair throughout the week.

Day increased on Wednesday, 5h. 44 min.

NOVELTIES IN LITERATURE AND ART.

It is proposed to publish, by subscription, a work on Portugal, political, statistical, and characteristic, by Mr. Robert Scott, Jurisconsult in Lisbon during the years 1827-8-9.

Just published.—Essays on the Church, 8vo. 3s. —Febrer on the National Debt, 8vo. 18s. —Harris's Dictionary of the National History of the Bible, 12mo. 7s. 6d. —London Nights Entertainments, 8vo. 10s. 6d. —An Historical Sketch of the Princes of India, 8vo. 7s. —Northcote's Fables, 8vo. 2nd Series, 18s. —The Black Death in the 14th Century, transl. by Babington, 5s. 6d. —Kidd's Picturesque Pocket Companion to Richmond, &c. 18mo. 3s. 6d. —Don Quixote, 3 vols. 18 embellishments by G. Cruikshank, &c. 18s. —The Tyrol, by the Author of 'Spain in 1830,' 2 vols. 8vo. 11s. —Syllabus of a Course of Lectures on Trigonometry, 8vo. 7s. 6d. —Original Family Sermons, 18mo. 6s. 6d. —Outlines of Sacred History, 18mo. 3s. 6d. —Life and Travels of the Apostle Paul, 8vo. 6s. —Quintana's Lives of the Celebrated Spaniards, 8vo. 10s. 6d.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We entreat our correspondents, foreign correspondents especially, to write intelligibly. We have frequently no guide to aid us in deciphering names.

Thanks to J. J. W.—M.—K. Q. of New York.—J. E. W.

A note left for P. S. S.

ADVERTISEMENTS

UNDER THE PATRONAGE OF HER MAJESTY. THE EXHIBITION of the ASSOCIATED PAINTERS IN WATER-COLOURS will open on Monday, the 15th April, at their Gallery, No. 16, Old Bond-street. Admission, 1s.; Catalogue, 6d.
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GEOLOGY.—Professor LYELL will COMMENCE, on TUESDAY, the 30th Inst., at Three in the Afternoon, a COURSE of TWELVE LECTURES on GEOLOGY. They will be delivered at the same hour every Tuesday and Friday until the Course is concluded. A Syllabus of the Lectures will be published before the commencement of the Course.

BOTANY.—Professor BURNETT will deliver the INTRODUCTORY LECTURE to his POPULAR COURSE on WEDNESDAY, the 17th Inst., at Three o'clock, P.M.

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N.B. The Classes in the Senior Department will re-commence on Tuesday, the 16th Inst.; and the School will be re-opened on Monday, the 15th Inst.

PERSPECTIVE.—Mr. B. R. GREEN has the honour to announce to Painters, Architects, &c. that he will commence this Evening, Saturday, April 13, at half-past Eight o'clock, a COURSE of LECTURES on the above Science, to be delivered at his Residence, 8, SOUTH CECIL-PLACE, BLOOMSBURY SQUARE, on the Saturday Evenings in April and May. The Lectures will be elucidated by a novel and extensive Apparatus, on which several new constructions. Subscriptions to the Course, Half-a-Guinea.—Subscribers' names received by Messrs. Rowney and Co. 51, Rathbone-place; and of Mr. Green, as above.

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